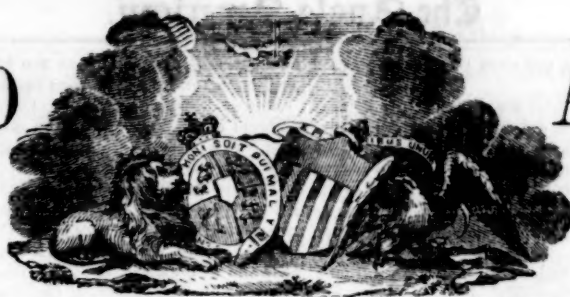


A. D. PATERSON,

EDITOR.



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THE PAUPER AND THE POTTER'S FIELD.

BY GILBERT.

Handle him roughly—rough as you can—
Heed not a gasp or a sigh—
'Tis but a wretch of a starving man
Laid himself down to die!
To such a poor lump of worthless clay,
Oh who could charity yield?
So bring the cart, and take him away,
Away to the Potter's Field!

This morning he was heard to beg for a crust,
Was starving—so he said!
But who so foolish the tale to trust,
Or to think that he wanted bread!
The death-like tones of his husky cough
Were but the hypocrite's shroud—
So take him up, and hurry him off,
Off to the Potter's Field!

What right had he—the famishing wretch—
Down on the pavement way,
To lay himself 'neath the feet of the rich,
Who are out on this sunny day!
To let him lie thus, are ye not ashamed?
Then near let the cart be wheeled—
His breath has fled, and his body is claimed,
Claimed by the Potter's Field!

Ye have but a load of poor man's clay,
Ye carry but pauper's bones—
Then jolt him quickly out of the way,
Hurry him over the stones!
Alone in a corner let him be thrown,
With nothing the spot to shield,
That the STARVED MAN'S GRAVE may never be known,
Known in the Potter's Field!

NEW YORK, August, 1845.

MILITARY REMINISCENCES.

BY WILLIAM GRATTAN, ESQ.

After a six years' terrible war, the army of the Peninsula at length found a stop put to its victorious career, and the inhabitants of the city of Thoulouse were the last who heard a hostile shot fired against their countrymen.

Several of the most effective regiments were ordered to embark for Canada, and as the war between England and America was at its height, the battalions destined for American service were restricted to a certain number of soldiers' wives. In this list there was one female, a lady,—I call her so, for her rank and prospects entitled her to the appellation. I have given her,—was as much to be pitied as the rest, though her circumstances were widely different. She was a beautiful woman, only daughter of the wealthy Juiz de Fora of Campo Major. During the autumn of 1809, when a portion of the Peninsular army, after the battle of Talavera, was quartered in that town, this girl,—for so she was then,—fell in love with the Drum-Major of the 88th Regt. His name was Thorp. As in most cases of the sort, both parties had made up their minds to the consequences. The girl was determined to elope with Thorp, and Thorp was equally resolved to carry her off; but this required measures as we I as means. Touching the latter Thorp was amply supplied, for he was Pay-Sergeant of a company, and, moreover, received constant remittances from his father, who was a man of respectability in Lancashire. In a word, Thorp was a gentleman, and lived and died a hero! As to the lady, her tale is easily told. Her father, Senor Joze Alfonso Cherito, Juiz de Fora of Camp Major, was a man possessing large estates, and having but one child and that child a daughter, he naturally looked forward to a suitable match for her. Now as poor Thorp could not boast of those qualities or attributes which the worthy Juiz de Fora had very naturally looked forward to, when his daughter had made up her mind to espouse Thorp, his rage and disappointment may be easily imagined when he learnt that she had left his "quinta," taking all her jewels with her. The regiment was to march the following morning, and as all mode of conveyance in the shape of cars or mules, for the wounded or sick, was under the "surveillance" of the worthy magistrate, he apprehended no difficulty in tracing his runaway daughter,—but he was mistaken. The cars were examined, the baggage-mules were over-hauled, the commissariat mules, carrying ammunition, biscuit, and rum, were looked at,—but amongst all those no trace of the fugitive could be found. What, then, was to be done? There was but one other chance of finding the girl, and this one was a survey of the officers' horses, as the officers rode at the head or in rear of the column; but the Juiz de Fora, although a functionary of high note and high authority in his own calling, and amongst his own neighbours, did not much relish an inspection, though freely granted, which would place him amidst a thousand shining British bayonets. However he did accept the invitation, and was allowed to make the inspection,—but he discovered no trace of his daughter.

"Are you satisfied?" said the Colonel.

"I am satisfied that my daughter is not with your regiment, Sir; yet I am anything but satisfied as to her fate!" replied the old man.

The band played a quick march; Thorp, as Drum-Major, flourished his cane, the daughter of the Juiz de Fora, in her new and disguised character of cymbal-boy, with her face-blacked, and regimental jacket, banged the Turkish

cymbals, and Thorp, who as Drum-Major was destined to make a noise in the world, was for obvious reasons silent on this occasion. The Regiment reached Monte Forte the same day, and the Padre of that town performed the marriage ceremony in due form.

In detailing the history of the elopement and marriage of Jacintha Cherito with Drum-Major Thorp, I have given but a short outline of a very romantic, and, as it was high turning out, a tragical affair. But were I to sit down quietly, and write of all the intrigues that were set in motion, or of all the attempts that were made to assassinate this girl, and also her husband, what I could truly write would be more fitting for the pages of a romance than for those of the United Service Magazine. Thorp's history shall be told in a few words. It was this:—

He joined the 88th Regt. on its return from South America in 1807. He was quite a lad, and being rather too young to be placed in the ranks, was handed over to the Drum-Major. He soon became so great a proficient that, on the regiment embarking for Portugal, at the end of 1808, he was raised to the rank of Drum-Major, in the room of his preceptor, who was invalided. In those days our Drum-Majors wore hats pretty much the same as those now worn by Field-Majors; indeed, the only difference between them was that the hat then worn by the former was not only of a more imposing and capacious size, but more copiously garnished with white feathers round the brim than those of the latter now are. The coat, too, a weight in itself, from the quantity of silver lace with which it was bedizened, was an object sufficient to attract attention and respect from the multitude that witnessed the debarkation of the regiment at Lisbon. In short, Thorp was mistaken by the Portuguese for a General Officer, and some went so far as to guess at his being the Earl of Moira, who, it was rumoured at the time, was about to join the army. Absurd as those opinions were,—and most absurd they assuredly were, because Thorp, neither in years or appearance, resembled in the slightest degree the personage he was mistaken for, Thorp felt gratified,—and where is the Drum-Major that would not?—at being taken for a General Officer; and from that moment he made up his mind to pitch drums, drummers, and drum-sticks, not only from his hands but his thoughts also, and fight his way to the honourable privilege of carrying the pole of a colour in place of the mass of a Drum Major. His wish was soon gratified, for when his regiment, at Busaco, was running headlong with the bayonet against three of Reigier's splendid battalions, Thorp, to the amazement of Colonel Wallace, was seen at the head of the 88th, not with his "mace of office" in his hand, but with his plumed hat, waving it high over his head, as he called out, "The Connaught Rangers for ever!" During the action the Serjeant-Major had been killed, while fighting beside Thorp, and Wallace, on the field of battle, named him as Serjeant-Major, in place of the one he had lost. From this period up to the battle of Thoulouse Thorp was a distinguished man; four times had he been wounded, but he was always up with his regiment in time for the next battle, often with his wounds unhealed. At the battle of Orthes his conduct was so remarkable that his name was forwarded for an Ensigncy. Thorp knew this, and at Thoulouse, the last battle fought by the Peninsular army, he was resolved to prove that his recommendation was deserved. In this action his bravery was not bravery alone,—it was rashness. Some companies of Picton's Division had been repulsed in an attack at the bridge-head, near the canal,—which attack it has been said, and in my opinion truly said, should never have been made,—when Thorp ran forward, and assisted in rallying the soldiers. The fire from the fire-arms and batteries of the French was incessant, and many officers and soldiers had fallen. There was one spot in particular that had been the scene of much slaughter to those who occupied it, and five officers, besides numbers of soldiers, had been already struck down by cannon-shot, and others wounded by musketry. Amongst the latter was Captain Robert Nickle, one of the most distinguished officers in the army. While he was hobbling to the rear he observed Thorp standing in the midst of those who had fallen, the rest having been withdrawn out of fire from a position that should never have been occupied, because in front of the French battery, and running in a direct line from the canal to this position was a low narrow avenue or hedge, which ended within a few yards of where our people had formed after their repulse, and this avenue served as a guide, or groove, for the enemy's range; they were now, however, more or less under cover. In a moment of excitement, Thorp, with his cap in his hand, stood alone on this spot, saying, "Now let us see if they can hit me!" Nickle, who was passing at the moment, supported by two of his company,—for his leg was badly shattered, called out to Thorp to leave the spot. "Oh, Captain Nickle," replied Thorp, "they can't hit me I think." Those were the last words he uttered. A round shot struck his chest, and, cutting him in two, whirled his remains in the air. Thus fell the gallant Thorp, and though his rank was humble, his chivalrous deeds were those of a hero. The day after his death the English mail brought the Gazette, in which poor Thorp's name was seen as promoted to an Ensigncy in his old regiment; and though this announcement came too late for him to know it, it was a great consolation to his poor afflicted widow, and it was the means of reconciling her father to the choice she had made, and her return once more to her home was made a scene of great rejoicing; but nothing more of her was ever heard by the regiment.

It was said at the time that both Soult and Wellington were aware of the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon and the occupation of Paris by the Allies, and that the former made an offer to abandon the city of Thoulouse to its fate for a certain sum of money; and, by way of completing the story, the Duke was represented to have replied, "That he would give no such sum, as he could beat Soult for half the money." Absurd as the story was, it was credited by many, and an Irish officer remarked, "that both Commanders ought to be satisfied, as both had a *dead* bargain of the battle." Indeed, to say the truth, it was only fit to be laughed at; for it is well known that Soult did not

hear of the events at Paris until the 12th of April, and even then he only heard of them through the English General.

Two soldiers, of the Connaught Rangers, had their argument on the subject also. One said Soult retreated; the other said he did not. The former said he did retreat, and retreated on the village of Aranda; the other said he only halted at a village, *not* Aranda, but *Penny*-aranda. The argument waxed warm, when a third soldier of the Connaughts arriving, asked the cause of the dispute, when upon hearing what it was, replied, "Why, then, aren't ye a pair of divils to be arguing so, when there's only a *Penny* difference between ye?"

The war in the Peninsula was now, however, ended, after having continued for nearly six years with various changes; and gloriously, in truth, was it ended by the British General and his unconquerable army. "Thus the war terminated, and with it all remembrance of the veterans' services."

Detachments belonging to the regiments sent to Canada were forthwith in readiness to embark at Cork, and the 88th, to which I belonged, formed one of those.

On the 14th of June, 1814, we left the barracks of Fermoy, and took up our quarters at the Royal Barracks at Cork. The soldiers belonging to all the detachments were, with few exceptions, young men lately drafted from the militia; and it required much attention and care to keep them sober or from desertion. The old soldiers, who were only too anxious to join their former companions, never thought of desertion; but they certainly made up for their fidelity to their colours in their visits to the whiskey cribs, as they called them, with which the neighbourhood about the barracks was abundantly sprinkled.

Major Dunne, who was in command of the second battalion, stationed at Fermoy, superintended the embarkation in person. He was a most severe officer, and a dangerous one to have anything to do with, because, as he himself often said, "if any one thing is undone, nothing is done;" and right well he acted up to this favorite saying, for if you committed one fault out of one hundred cases where you did right, he was down on you the same as if you had done wrong ninety-nine times out of one hundred. An instance or two will give the reader a sample; but he had one redeeming quality, and as I do believe it was his only one, it is but justice to tell it—he was as brave a soldier as ever went into battle. His severity, nevertheless, was extreme, and I shall give a specimen of it.

While in command of the second battalion on the advance of our army from the lines of Torres Vedras, the young soldiers that composed the greater portion of the regiment, could not cope with the old veterans in long marches, which at this period were harassing and severe. Many men were unable to continue on the march, and were left behind. This so exasperated Dunne, that he issued orders that no man should fall out of the ranks without the officer in command of the company producing a certificate of his inability to proceed, signed by one of the Surgeons. On one occasion, a man was unavoidably left behind without the necessary certificate. Mr. Graham, who commanded the company, told the Major that the man dropped down from exhaustion, and had died on the road. "Well, Sir," replied Dunne, "where is he? Produce him immediately. I don't care whether he is dead or alive, but I must have him." Now this was very tantalizing; but there was no remedy, and Graham set off, accompanied by a Serjeant and a file of soldiers, and after an hour's smart walk, found the man where he had been left,—but he was quite dead. They carried him by turns until they reached the village they had left. Hungry and jaded, they arrived at the Major's quarters; it was midnight, and Dunne was enjoying a sound sleep, when Graham, who had now placed the dead man on his shoulders, kicked loudly and violently at the door. Dunne jumped out of bed, seized his sword, and running to the door, in his shirt and night-cap, kept fumbling at the latch; but in the hurry, confusion, and darkness, in place of opening the door, he contrived to double lock it, all the while screaming out to know the cause of the disturbance. But Graham, who was by no means disposed to talk, turned his back, on which lay the dead soldier, and, with one powerful effort, burst open the door, which gave way, hinges and all; while Dunne, with eyes distended, and standing with his huge cut-and-thrust sword in the middle of the floor, seemed to forbid further entrance on the part of Graham and his dead burthen. But it was too late; the great force with which Graham hurled himself against the door, brought him and his defunct companion to the ground; and Dunne, in a feeble effort to arrest their entrance, snapped his sword in two, as it came in contact with the buff belt of the dead man.

"What does this mean?" cried Dunne.

"Sir," replied Graham, "I have obeyed your orders, and brought you the man as you desired."

"Take him away instantly," roared Dunne.

"You must excuse me if I do not," said Graham; "I have carried him far enough already, and have no wish for his company any longer. He is a Scotchman, and so are you, so you may make Scotch collops of him if you choose."

This answer was, no doubt, an improper one; but Graham, jaded and hungry, lost all control over himself; and Dunne was so sensible of his tyrannical conduct, that he durst not bring him to a court-martial; but he kept a close eye on him, and, to avoid his vengeance, Graham accepted a company in the 21st Portuguese Regiment. Poor fellow! he served all through the Peninsular war, and at its close went out, with the rank of Colonel, to South America, where he, with many others, perished.

The detachment commanded by O'Hara was regularly, put on board the two transports; he commanding in the *George*, while Capt. Bagwell took charge of the *Atlas*. Major Dunne having fulfilled his part, determined on returning to Cork the same evening; but, much as he was disliked, we thought it better that we should part good friends, and we asked him to dine with us. He was pleased with this attention, which he knew he did not merit; and he was accordingly our guest on this occasion.

Mrs. Broadway's hotel was our rendezvous, and a most excellent dinner she placed before us. Dunne seemed really happy, and we were all in high spirits. I had often told the story about Graham and the dead soldier; and a young Ensign, who had just joined, thought it a capital opportunity to have a farewell thrust at the Major, and he began recounting the adventure, and actually asked Dunne if it was true. The Major started at the question; but he smiled—a dangerous omen—and I thought for the moment it was well for the Ensign that the Atlantic was soon to be between them.

"Sir," said Dunne, "you are very forward, and extremely ill-bred—you are the rawest of the raw."

"Well, Major," replied the Ensign, "how could I be anything but raw when I am under (Dunne) done?"

The Major, for once in his life, laughed heartily, and Fairfield, seizing the

moment, said, "That when the adjutant of the first battalion got the Ensign on the roaster, he would then be done brown."

The soldiers once arranged, their arms carefully placed in arm-racks, the different masses told off, and, in short, all that was necessary to be done for the men was completed; but the arrangement of the soldiers' wives was not so easy of accomplishment.

The regulations allowed but four women to each hundred soldiers, and after a few of those who, from long standing and good character, were selected, the others took their chance by lot. This was the most trying task of all; however, we got through with it, put the chosen few on board, and gave the rejected ones the wherewithal to enable them to return to their homes.

The fleet of transports at this time collected at Cove exceeded one hundred; a portion of it, with troops and stores, was destined for Halifax, and the remainder for Quebec. A 50-gun ship, two frigates, and two sloops of war accompanied the fleet for protection, which was so essential as the seas at this period were infested with American privateers.

We sailed from Cove, with a fair wind, on the 1st of July; but when off the Old Head of Kinsale, it blew a strong gale, which continued for three days; the fleet was greatly dispersed, and a signal was made to put into Beervan. This we accordingly did, and glad we were to find ourselves once more at anchor. All, except the pigs, had suffered from sea-sickness, but they, profiting by the occasion, fared sumptuously on what the soldiers were unable to eat. The country people flocked to us in great numbers, and brought us fowls, eggs, and fish in abundance. We had a large stock of the former, but as those offered to us now were so cheap, we continued to purchase more. At length we were tormented with the numbers of cocks we had in our pens; their constant crowing was absolutely deafening, and Owgan who, like myself, was fond of cock-fighting, proposed we should set apart some of the best, and have a regular "man." We accordingly set off to Bantry, and having purchased several pairs of steel spurs, returned with those requisite implements. We fixed on the day but one following for our battle royal, and on that day also we had invited some officers from the shore to dine with us. Amongst others, a Staff-Surgeon, of the name of Crowe, formed one of the party.

I will just mention here that Capt. O'Hara, who commanded the detachment, had come to us from the 52nd, and had been brought up under that admirable officer Colonel Barclay. I am not aware that the Colonel was any relative of the celebrated pugilistic Colonel of that name; but he most certainly possessed many of those "hard-hitting" qualities for which his namesake was so justly celebrated. Whenever any petty dispute arose amongst the soldiers, his answer was, "G—d—n them, why don't they fight it out?" His address to the 52nd at Busaco, when that regiment was about to charge the head of Ney's column, was pretty much in the same style: "Do you see those rascals coming up the hill?" said he, turning to the men. Some of the soldiers began to laugh, for they knew that something *rich* was coming. "What the d—l are you grinning there for, you set of fools, when in five minutes more some of us will be laughing at the wrong side of our faces! Fix your bayonets, and come along. Knock them heels over tip, and give them a taste of the Barclay touch!" What the 52nd, 43rd, and 95th did at Busaco is too well known to need repetition.

Now, as I before said, O'Hara was bred up in the school of this fine old man but, though my senior, he was not so long a "Connaught Ranger" as I was. He took me aside, and having told me how those kinds of disputes used to be adjusted by Barclay, asked my opinion on the subject. "You know," he said, addressing me, "I dislike quacking with the men. I hate unnecessary fuss or trouble. What say you if we were to adopt old Barclay's plan?"

"Why what else would we do?" was my reply. "I think it a good code to follow. It would be fine healthy exercise for the men, and be an amusement to them during the passage."

"But then," said O'Hara, "I am not to know anything of the matter!"

"Leave that to me," was my reply; and that moment Owgan, who acted as Adjutant, came up, and reported that two of the new hands from the militia were fighting in the fore-castle.

"The very thing we were talking about!" exclaimed O'Hara; "let them fight it out, and see that all is fair."

"Oh," said Owgan, "there's no fear of foul play, for the men are all in the rigging, and Robinson, the mate, and Jerry, the Canadian sailor, are the seconds; and when I left them they were at it hammer and tongs."

"Then let them have a comfortable fight," said O'Hara; "but remember, Owgan, I am not to know anything of the matter. Do you understand me?"

"If I don't," replied Owgan, "I must be as great a jackass as any in my native town, Clonakilty; never fear; a few touches like this, and the militia boys will be quiet enough."

Owgan was right, for during our voyage of three months, we had not more than six or eight combats of this sort, and not one court-martial!

The day for our dinner-party and main of cock-fighting at length arrived, and preparations were made for both on the best scale at our command. Good soup, good fish, good beef and mutton, together with Westropp's best port and sherry, were in abundance.

We went down to the cabin, and dinner was soon afterwards placed on the table. The dishes were so numerous that I directed one of the servants to place the large metal tureen of soup on one of the lockers, and we sat down to commence the attack; but at this moment Smith, a young Ensign, very awkward and very absent, (it was to be wished he had been absent altogether on the present occasion!) entered the cabin, and seeing the table rather crowded, preferred taking his seat on the locker where the soup stood. This was unfortunate, for moving suddenly, by a backward motion, he tossed plump into the tureen. The soup was boiling hot, and, as a matter of course he was frightfully scalded, but this was not the worst; in the agony of the moment he sprang up, but the tureen stuck as close to him as a cupping-glass. The roars of laughter became awfully great, and poor Crowe for the moment forgot his own mishap, and laughed loudest of all. His merriment was of short duration, for Smith, by a sudden and skilful jerk, rid himself of his "fardeau," and the tureen, or rather its contents, tumbled into the breeches of Doctor Crowe. Here was a fine business truly! Crowe was in such torture that it was advisable to put him on shore. When he was fairly off, the laughter so long suppressed, which, for decency's sake could not be discharged while he was present, now got full scope, and never was man better laughed at, and few men better scalded—though many have been laughed at, and many have been scalded. As for Smith, the cause of all, he suffered comparatively nothing. His pantaloons were of a much stronger and a much thicker texture than those worn by the doctor, and besides this his astonishing readiness and address in ridding himself of the tureen tended greatly to save him, and though his awkward conduct cannot be too highly reprobated, his quickness and tact in saving himself is deserving of

praise. The night was most agreeably spent, and next morning we received accounts that Crowe was better, though confined to his bed.

The wind still continued unfavourable, and taking advantage of the circumstance, we went on a shooting excursion up the river, and had some capital sport. Three large seals were caught, and Owgan killed at one shot four wild ducks. It was late at night when we reached the ship, and old Capt. Taylor, the "skipper," was much gratified by a present of some twenty sea-gulls, which he requested, seeing that we set no great value on them.

The operation of skinning both the seals and the gulls was proceeded with, and was followed by a most awful smell throughout the ship. Glad to get away from this scene of flaying and pickling, we next day explored the neighbouring country, and our driver, who acted as our guide, showed us all that was remarkable and worthy of notice; but on our return the fore-springs of our jaunting-car gave way with a sharp crash, and not only flung the driver over his horse's head, but tumbled myself and Owgan into the middle of the road; however none of us were hurt. "Gintlemín," said our coachee, "are yees kilt? As for myself the devil's a fear in me, for I'm used to it!" We assured him we were safe, and hastened to help him to brace up the broken springs. The fellow rummaged in the well of his car and soon brought forth as many ropes and chains as would tow a good-sized vessel into harbour. Smith, who was an Englishman, was much amused with all he saw, and he told the driver he was only astonished the accident did not take place sooner, as he said and he asked the reason why the machine was hung in a manner that rendered the springs hung so low in front that he found it almost impossible to keep his seat, the driving seat especially so uneasy to those who occupied it. "Why, sir," said Pat, "in this country we always hang our cars low in front, to make the horse believe he's going down a hill!" This answer so pleased Smith that he gave the fellow half-a-crown for his humour. A number of quizzing questions were now put to the man, to all of which he returned ready answers.

Next morning the wind was fair, and we weighed anchor. The entire fleet was put in motion, and we sailed with every prospect of a fine passage.

TWELVE MONTHS' SERVICE IN AFRICA.

BY CAPTAIN L. SMYTH O'CONNOR, 1ST WEST INDIA REGIMENT.—(Continued.)

I have mentioned that among the public buildings of Freetown there is a church said to have cost 74,000*l.*; it would be impossible to pass over such an expensive item with a mere casual remark or to class it with the mass of public offices of a simple and unostentatious style of architecture. With large unsightly windows calculated to render the body of the church very like a lantern, and to admit a glaring light and the full play of the meridian sun, with a reading desk and pulpit constructed so as to conceal the altar, without a solitary ornament, or even an organ, this large sum, sufficient to construct ten expensive and well appointed churches, must have been either wofully mismanaged or egregiously misapplied; but those who projected, built, and completed St George's are now gathered to their fathers—long ago dust and ashes—let them rest in their graves. We must hope that their intentions were good, though the method of carrying them into execution was imperfect; and, remembering the charitable lines of the heathen philosopher, exclaim *Nil nisi bonum de mortuis*.

The ecclesiastical establishment consists of only one Chaplain, at an income of 500*l.* a year; with no curate or assistant to aid him, the reverend gentleman has to attend to the extensive and arduous duties of a thickly populated capital, and occasionally those of the colony, but having no allowance for the maintenance of a horse, it is neither possible nor can it be expected to extend his services beyond the immediate limits of his parish. The surgeon, his two assistants, and the dispenser of drugs, the colonial apothecary, have either houses provided for them or an allowance to procure quarters, and each the maintenance for a horse—the subordinates I mean—but the chief for two, while the one solitary clergyman, the head of our established Church in Western Africa, is obliged to provide, out of an income of 500*l.* a year, both of these heavy requisites in household expenses, or follow his duty on foot, in a climate where the heat and the sun renders it impossible to do so with impunity. neglect the flock committed to his charge, or whistle their spiritual interests down the wind a prey to Satan.

The funerals to be attended are numerous, as may be easily imagined, in Sierra Leone, and the place of interment lies a considerable distance from Freetown. Marriages have to be performed; christenings and churchings; and as the increase of population nearly keeps pace with the decrease by death the calls on the minister for his last service are neither few nor far between, all of which must be done without fee or reward, as the colonial salary embraces every branch of the Chaplain's income.

The Church Missionary Society has large establishments throughout the colony of Sierra Leone, and at each of the settlements a minister, schoolmaster, and native teachers exercise their various callings. Many of the missionaries are Germans, sent out from the parent society. Their incomes are small; the risk of climate great; and, when it is remembered they banish themselves from friends, country, home, to a land possessing none of the comforts, few of the necessities of life—that they in the midst of swamp and jungle, among not only uncivilized but often savage tribes, pitch their tents boldly, assert the truths of the Gospel, and openly denounce the wickedness of paganism and the absurdity of the Prophet's creed; that they plant in the desert and in the mountain—in the wilderness and in the crowded city—Christ's banner; fearlessly fight under it, proclaiming the majesty, might, and power of the only living God; and all this without any prospect of earthly reward, temporal benefit or aggrandisement, cold, selfish, sterile and unenviable must our feelings be, if we do not admire, encourage, and assist such noble and devoted soldiers—such unwearied uncompromising pilgrims of our holy religion. Their entire reliance on God's assistance and protection, and unbounded confidence in the work they are engaged in, is finely illustrated by the following simple anecdote.

A missionary and his wife landed at Freetown, from Europe. Their destination was to an advanced, inhospitable and unhealthy post up the Ritombe river, where there was a small and wretched location, for the purpose of inducing the neighbouring natives to come in, but without any Europeans or white people—save the solitary couple. I heard after some few days that the missionary was still in Freetown, and on enquiring why he had not proceeded on his route, learned he remained until himself and his wife were attacked with the colonial seasoning fever, in order that they might have the benefit of medical advice and attendance, as they were both aware of and prepared for the visitation, but without dismay or anticipation of evil from its results, knowing that up the river they would have no physician, and consequently they must leave their seat of labour in God's service. They lingered patiently until the fever attacked them; which it did, and through which, with the Lord's aid, they

were carried by the doctor of the society: and when convalescent, they proceeded, rejoicing on their way, to spread the tidings of glad joy among the heathen.

The numerous houses fitted up as chapels, on the late Lady Huntingdon's principles, in and about Freetown are incredible; every street, road, and bye-way has two or three neat whitewashed buildings, with seats and a small pulpit, and in these various Africans, some partially educated, and all zealous teachers, endeavour to enlighten their more ignorant brethren. It may be objected to this mode of preaching that it tends to cast a shade of ridicule over the Scriptures, or render them incorrect and inconsistent with their proper meaning and interest, and that the hearers acquire only garbled, incongruous and, perhaps, absurd notions of the truths of religion; but I question if the natives do not comprehend more easily and clearly the homely, plain, and perchance coarse method of their native instructors, than the more florid, and researched discourses of learned divines. Not that I mean to insinuate, much less to assert, for one moment, that the various Church missionaries do not employ the mode of explanation adapted to the understanding of their flocks—far from this. Nothing can be more clear, concise, and convincing than the way in which many of them expound the Scriptures: but the vineyard is too extensive for the number of husbandmen engaged. And surely it is better to have God worshipped in any way, than that adoration should be paid to stocks and stones, to carved images covered with glass beads, bits of brass and cowrie shells, the divinities of the pagans.

I attended at the reopening of one of the chapels I have described, lately enlarged, repaired, and finished by small voluntary subscriptions from a congregation of liberated Africans, under the superintendence and through the aid and management of two poor labouring men—one a pilot, the other a carpenter. On entering the building, calculated to contain from five to six hundred persons, I was conducted to a chair in front of the pulpit; the congregation had arranged themselves along the sides and in the centre of the chapel, all in an orderly, quiet, and attentive mood; the women dressed in rich bandanas and gaudy coloured chintz, gold ear-rings and coral necklaces; the men in white or coloured jackets, blue coats, or fancy robes made of calico. A hymn, from Lady Huntingdon's version, was sung in a loud clear tone; to a critical ear, perhaps, not very harmonious, but apparently devoutly, and certainly zealously. The pilot ascended the pulpit, delivered an extempore prayer, invoking a blessing on the people present and on the work they had in hand, praying for the Queen, the Governor and Council, the peace and prosperity of the colony, and for all the people of every hue and religion. His brother succeeded him, and delivered a plain discourse of some length, during which he was at no time deficient for words; his text was taken from the sixth chapter of Chronicles, the thirty seventh to fortieth verse. The preacher drew a parallel between the captivity of the Israelites and the Africans; of the hardships the people of God underwent and of the misery they had endured. He reminded his hearers that they were once slaves, but had been rescued by the British Government from being carried to those distant lands in which so many of their countrymen, relations, and friends had perished in bondage; that the chapel they were now in was once a small mud hut, roofed with palm, built by his brother and himself, but God had helped and enabled them to raise on it a structure of stone; not for the purpose of dancing, drinking, feasting, or riot, or for their own worldly benefit and to make money—for they were old men, and their journey on earth must soon close, but it was built for all people to come and hear the Word of God now and hereafter; "and, by friends," continued this humble but zealous teacher, "suppose some one say 'Why should this poor pilot and poor carpenter come to preach the word of God?' I answer, a merchant send Krooman, naked fellow, with only a cloth round his waist, he tell him, 'Take this piece of paper, and carry it to Mr. So-and-so.' Well, he come to Mr. —, and he say, 'You only a poor Krooman; I have nothing to do with you.' And he returns to his master and tells him; but his master says 'Go back again, with a fresh paper; it is not for you, for you are only my servant—but the paper I give, the word I send by you that is to be attended to.' And thus it is, not the poor men who preach, but it is the word they tell you; and Christ took his disciples not from the rich and grand, but from the poor fishermen, pilots, and carpenters.

Speaking of the children of Israel travelling through the wilderness:—"Serpents came and bit them, and they died; but God told Moses, 'Come make a brazen serpent—a brass one, like what the salt coppers are made of—stick him up on a pole, and hang him up, and tell every body look at the serpent, and when the snake bite they will be made well immediately. Not like the doctor, who come to see you: give pill to day, salts to morrow, and draught third day, blister, bleed and say you soon get well. No! Look at the serpent, and you will be cured immediately.'

His exposition of Dives and Lazarus was certainly original:—"Some people call him Dives and some the rich man; but I will tell you why he was called Dives, because he dived down, down, down, down, so deep into sin, that he could not get up again, but went to hell where the fire blows hot for ever. And when he saw Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, he had the impudence to call him Father Abraham, to hold palaver with him, and wanted him to send Lazarus to put water on his tongue, so that even in hell he wished for servants to wait on him."

"Death" (concluded the preacher) "is as sure as the Harmatan winds. Death spares nobody; old or young, rich or poor, white man or black man, all the same. Death comes into the house, and says, 'Come along; I want you.' 'Oh!' cries a merchant, 'I won't go.' 'But you must,' says Death. 'I will give you,' says the rich man, 'thirty thousand pounds for one week's life.' 'Thirty thousand pounds for one week! Thirty thousand pounds, my friends, think of that. 'No,' says Death; 'you must come along. No money can save you.'"

At the termination of the discourse a hymn was sung; a collection made, to which I observed every one contributed; and the congregation dispersed quietly to their homes. I remarked that at various portions of the lecture a low hum of approbation arose among the hearers, and some more zealous elders murmured, "Ha, true for you," "No lie," "See that now," "All truth," and such like sentiments, as particular portions of the sermon struck their attentive minds; the women moaning and groaning in concert.

Many orthodox men would deem it idle, if not something worse, to encourage a conventicle like the one described; but I am free to confess that wherever, and in whatever manner the Bible can be circulated among a heathen and benighted people, no matter how humble, lowly, and plain spoken the labourers may be—that where the light of God can be brought forward to disperse the darkness of Paganism, it is far more creditable to assist and support such good works, than to ridicule or suppress them. The explanation of Dives was no doubt farfetched, and a stretch of fancy that would have never entered the brain of a Cantab or an Oxonian, although even the members of these learned colle-

ges occasionally take flights from the Established Church and orthodox principles, and fish in the troubled waters of polemics, confounding and amazing the intellect of their hearers whereas, the pilot's definition of the rich man's name, spoke at once to the feelings of his simple auditory. It was a figure of speech they could at once comprehend, and it instilled a horror of repeated acts of sin which would plunge a man so deep that he could never rise again.

There are sects in the colony who are by no means so unaffected and unprejudiced as the honest pilot and poor carpenter congregations, who hold meetings at night, uttering cries, yells, and most discordant sounds, as they term it, "seeking the Lord," but in reality disturbing the tranquil hours devoted by nature to rest and sleep, with impious proceedings; asserting, in the midst of row and hubbub, that they have God's grace that all their sins are pardoned, that they are elected among a peculiar few who are and must be saved regardless of whatever acts of guilt or immorality they may commit.

On one occasion, a preacher belonging to this class, the last day of the old year (1843,) took out his watch in the pulpit and addressed his congregation in the following words:—"Mr. Friends,—It is now fifty nine minutes after eleven o'clock, you have, therefore, sixty seconds to find the Lord!—no time to be lost! Fifty four seconds to find the Lord!—make haste, now! Forty seconds only to find the Lord!—hurry on, I say! Thirty five seconds to find the Lord!—hah! hah! now you will stir your stumps! Twenty seconds only left!—Fifteen!—Ten!—Five!—to find the Lord! and those who do not get grace by twelve o'clock, are sure of being damned!" Thus did this fellow turn an auctioneer, and actually measure out the possibility and time of gaining salvation by seconds; and this man was, I regret to say, an European.

There are no Roman Catholic missionaries in the colony as yet, but I met a black gentleman of that persuasion, a Brazilian, who was educated for the purpose of travelling in Africa, to propagate his religion, having called at Sierra Leone en route to some other part of the Western Coast. He was introduced to the Governor by Mr. Nitro, the Brazilian Commissioner for the Mixed Court. Polished in manners, sensible, and agreeable in conversation, evidently deeply read in, and conversant with the politics of the day, he appeared to me well calculated to spread his creed, and prove a powerful opponent to the followers of Mahomet; for among all unenlightened and savage nations, the pomp, circumstances, and ceremonies,—the images, paintings, and dresses,—the sponging out of sins upon the earth, and the promise of being relieved of them, under certain conditions, hereafter,—the whole arrangements of the Holy Mother Church,—are too fascinating, overpowering, and seductive, not to catch the senses more easily, and insure proselytes, rather than the plain straight forward, unostentatious rules and simple observances of the Protestant religion.

THE TRADE OF WESTERN AFRICA.

The chief exportations from Sierra Leone are oak or teak, cam wood, bar wood, palm oil, ground nuts, arrow root, ginger, pepper in pods, and, though last not least valuable, gold dust.

That valuable article in British ship building, African oak, or teak wood, is procured up the Ritomba Buncie rivers, at the Searcies, Sherbo and Liberia, and from several other depots on the coast. The sacrifice of European life in loading the vessels up the creeks and lagoons, may well entitle Africa to be termed the "the white man's grave."

A timber ship, or wagon, as such vessels are often called, having arrived at Sierra Leone, and discharged her cargo, a gang of Kroomen are hired, and she then proceeds either up the river, or to some portion of the coast, to take in her timber, unless the wood has been already purchased and prepared at Freetown. A delay of sometimes two, three, four, even six months follows: and all this time the crew are living in the centre of jungle and swamps, exposed to the most deadly influence of a most deadly climate, and engendering disease which either attacks and carries them off while engaged on the coast, or, breaking out after they are at sea, consigns many poor fellows to a watery grave.

We will suppose a ship has reached her destined place in the river or creek. After being moored as near to the shore as is consistent with safety, without any regard to the neighbouring brushwood, and banks covered with mud and decomposed vegetable matter, the top masts and rigging are struck, an awning spread from stem to stern, and the whole made, as sailors say, "snug," as if in harbour, or lying up in ordinary. If the owner, charterer, or consignee has previously managed well, the timber is soon alongside, and the labour of loading, as it may be truly termed, commences.

Can-wood barwood, are procured at Sherbro, Searcies, Mellicourse, and Mantigong. The first, a valuable dye, is brought in rough pieces, trunks and branches of trees, except from Liberia, the American settlement, where can-wood of the best description is cut into regular blocks, and bears a proportionately high price. Palm oil and ground nuts are shipped on many parts of the coast, and up the rivers; gold dust from Sierra Leone.

The system of barter would puzzle an English dealer, and the schemes and efforts made to overreach one another, delight a Massachusetts pedlar. Bales of blue baft, sour coffees, tobacco, gunpowder, rum, and earthenware, form the principal medium of exchange; the Freetown merchant generally managing to have it all his own way, disposing of his European goods at an enormous profit, and taking produce pretty much at his own valuation. Factories, or villages are established up the creeks, or at stations. In some few instances, European factors, or clerks, conduct the business; but generally an African or coloured man manages affairs.

The great man from Freetown, the head or tail of the firm, proceeds in his chartered vessel, or coasting schooner, for a cargo; and having moored his barks in some bight of the river, opens a palaver with the natives. The bey, or chief, is always to be propitiated at the expense of some trifling presents, rum invariably forming a portion of them. The European "notions" are then disembarked, and displayed in a shed, or store, and trade commences. Goods are advanced on produce, or security; articles are taken in pawn; camwood and palm oil change place with muslins and Barcelonas. The European sailors, Kroomen, natives, and slaves, are employed in unshipping and shipping the cargoes. Bustle and activity impels every one, a wild forest law governs affairs, and a life by no means moral is the consequence. The slaves are sometimes cruelly used by their masters and Europeans have occasionally been favoured with a taste of the Mandingo whip. All punishments are summary, and inflicted without fear, favour, or affection; the culprit is tied up to a post, and then most conscientiously flogged, without limitation of lashes. When the master is tired looking on, has exhausted his cigar, or the executioner feels fatigued, his agreeable pastime terminates. Some merchants of Freetown have a painful recollection of visiting the Sherbo.

The resources of Western Africa are most imperfectly known, and will not be fully developed under the present peddling, huxtering system of trade.

Arrow root and ginger are exported in large quantities from Sierra Leone, and they are increasing in the cultivation of them in the several African settlements. The arrow root is simply and easily prepared for exportation. Being first well washed in a running stream, it is then dried, scraped, sifted, and brought for sale to Freetown in baskets or calabashes. It is occasionally adulterated with cassada, which produces a constipating effect. In the season, from December until March, the arrow root sells at two pence a pound. Cayenne pepper from the mountain districts costs eleven pence for the same weight. The ginger varies in quality to a most incredible extent, some not fetching more than fifty pounds a ton, while a little of the finer kind brings three times that amount. The best plantation is a small but highly cultivated property belonging to a Mr. Isaacs, near Freetown, an enterprising merchant and agriculturist.

Gold dust and gold rings are not shipped from Sierra Leone in the same proportion as from the Gold Coast or the Gambia. In the year 1843, the net amount of gold dust sent from Sierra Leone, was £13,700.

The gold is brought from the interior, in large rough rings, varying in weight from two drachms to three ounces; it used to be sent as remittances, but since the reduction of the doubloons to £3 4s. it forms an article of commerce.

Gold is brought occasionally from Housa, Senegal, and Goree. The journey from the latter places is long, tedious, and not unattended with danger; but the native merchants have lost caste at Gambia in consequence of the following roguish transaction:—

A party of gold traders from the interior for some time supplied the Bathurst merchants with gold-dust, receiving European goods in return. This system of barter continued to the satisfaction of both parties, particularly the British, who gained no inconsiderable profit in dealing with their African friends. The arrangement entered into was to give goods of an equal, or supposed equal, value for the gold dust. Trade flourished, the customers were regular, goods were speedily got rid of, and the rich metal came pouring in.

Mutual confidence increased between the parties. Good-humour reigned paramount, and a most cordial amity sprang up. Proposals were made by the black dealers to get goods on trust, and return with gold. The natives, true as steel to their words, came back and gladdened the hearts of the Gambia citizens by their liberal dealing, who eagerly agreed to pursue the trust system to a still greater extent. However, to make a long story short, the trust and pay game was merely played, palavers were held, rice discussed, kola nuts exchanged, palm wine quaffed, presents given and received, and speculation was all agog as to the successful issue of the vast exportations of gold from the Gambia.

At last a swarm of native dealers inundated Bathurst, and swept away British manufactures, until the stores were empty. Happy man! who had not a bale of blue baft, a solitary sour coffee, or a head of tobacco left upon his shelves; and for once, the merchants were agreed. Differences were healed, parties joined hands and smoked, who never smoked before,—the El Dorado age was to be realized, and fairy legends verified; silver was at a discount; teak, oak, cam-wood, bees'-wax, and gum, were mere drugs in the market; the streets were literally to be paved with gold, but the houses not thatched with pancakes, only because eggs were scarce;—when, lo! the hour, the day of reckoning arrived. No native strangers showed their dusky visages. Night passed,—and another,—and another flittered by,—still no honest traders darkened Bathurst, or cast their shadows upon 'Change. Faces began to look blank; ledgers were in requisition; messengers despatched towards the interior; clerks and book-keepers, on house-tops and from attic windows, with telescopes glued to their eyes, until from heat and straining the organs of vision almost melted in their sockets, and like so many "Sisters Ann," "saw nobody coming." But hope still lingered in the breasts of the merchants, until, like dinner too long deferred, it made them very sick. The bubble at last burst, the trick was discovered, and never were they gladdened with the society of their African friends. Never again did they congregate with them on 'Change. But consolation came in this shape,—they heard, some years after, a new road had been opened through the interior, and that gold dust was shipped from Sierra Leone and other ports.

THE GOLD MINE OF SAN SABA, A RECORD OF INDIAN FIGHT.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN, AUTHOR OF "THE TRAPPER'S BRIDE, &c."

"Philosophers," observed Colonel Love, addressing me, "imagine compounds to be something really different from that of which they are compounded; it is a very great mistake on the part of those learned gentlemen: this whiskey, for instance, though diluted with water from the spring at our feet, is still *bonâ fide* real Monongahela whiskey, and nothing else, though certainly its heat is tempered by the frigidity of the crystal stream."

To explain how my friend the Colonel was induced to venture upon the above sagacious and critical remark, will require some few words of elucidation. Not far from the banks of a winding and beautiful river, picturesquely overhung by lofty trees, the boughs of many hanging into the water, and situate on the confines of Harris and Galveston counties, in the republic of Texas, is a small crescent like opening in the forest, where the wood retreats a little, and allows the prairie to gain upon its limits. In the extreme bend of this sheltered recess appears a white man's settlement, known by the name of Todville, and established some few years since in the halcyon days of the young republic. To the right as you advance towards the open country, and some twenty yards from the skirt of the timber, is to be seen the frame-work of a very large house, its tall, bare, and weather beaten posts and pillars rearing themselves aloft without plank for wall, floor, or roof to keep them in countenance. But so it ever is with brother Jonathan; in the universal rage for improvement, by which he is actuated, he does not calculate his resources, but begins to erect a spacious mansion and has often set up the frame, before he discovers that his means are inadequate to the completion of the undertaking, or perhaps that the "location" is not worth preserving. To the left near the edge of an inclosed field, consisting in part of cleared woodland, and in part of prairie, yielding sweet potatoes and indian corn, are several outhouses, stables, cow-sheds, &c., which denote an advance towards comfort and civilization, little in accordance with the wild scene around, and scarcely to be expected in a spot some thirty miles from anything in the shape of a town. Nailed to a tree is a hand-mill for grinding maize; hard by lies a wood sledge, its load of pine and other logs, neatly piled up close to one of the sheds. The centre of the passage is formed by a log hut, artistically and strongly built,—a huge Kentuckian carpenter having been the architect,—but humble though romantic in its appearance, in its utter primitiveness with rude door, and no windows, light being allowed to creep through the interstices between the logs, with a brick chimney, hard mud floor, and roof of treble shingle perfectly water tight. This is the habitation

of Captain J. G. Tod, the proprietor, not only of all the visible territory, frame house, shed, forest and prairie, but likewise of some other six thousand acres of goodly land. Behind the hut, and sheltering it from the cold northerners, the green wood, alive with choral harmony, stretches itself, and close at hand a few planks form a rude bridge across a little rivulet which falls, about a mile distant, into the river above alluded to.

A pair of Baltimore sows, with each some dozen juvenile swine, certain fowls and dogs, crowd round the hut, the former in search of a few grains of maize, and a trifle of salt thrown to them every day to keep them in the neighbourhood, and the latter lying down basking in the sun until required by their master, or growling sulkily over a bone. The door of the log hut is presently opened, and a hunter, with sun burnt features, steps forth upon the prairie, a heavy double-barrelled gun upon his shoulder. His dress is unique: let us therefore cast a cursory glance upon it as he moves along. He wears high and coarse hunting boots, with canvass trousers tucked inside of them, a naval watch coat, with the star and anchor of the Texan republic on its buttons; a narrow brimmed straw hat surmounts his head; round his waist is a belt, from which is suspended a powder horn and shot pouch, while a pistol and hunting knife,—one on the right, the other on his left side,—complete his costume and accoutrements. Such, gentle and fair readers, was the guise in which I stepped forth, one March morning in the spring of 1843, to prosecute a hunt in the prairie, and though doubtless at Almack's, or Eu, my equipment would have astonished the natives a trifle, yet, time and place considered, my habiliments were quite as appropriate as any court ladies' silks and satins. I believe sincerely "the smartest nation in all creation" have one advantage over us, that of despising dress; perhaps if they could supply themselves, without having recourse to the Britishers, this would not be the case.

But all this is neither explanatory of the Colonel's remark, nor does it bring my readers to San Saba, which is the less surprising, when we reflect that we are thirty days' distant therefrom; let us therefore advance. About three miles in the open prairie what appeared to be an assemblage of bushes, but which in reality were low trees surrounding a pond, the favourite resort of vast flocks of geese and ducks, and thither it was I now directed my steps in search of game. Having in my own mind formed a settled determination to shoot something, were it only a turkey buzzard, I pushed forward, and after a progress of a few hundred yards, experienced the usual delight of a walk through a Texan prairie, when that prairie is low and swampy. The grass was about two feet high, strong, and in many places like stubble, wearing away your upper leathers at no very agreeable rate; rain, too, had lately fallen, and had decidedly not evaporated, since, at every step, I went squash! squash! up to the tops of my boots, and many times very much over them. These are, however, universal accompaniments of a shoot across a wet prairie, and must be borne with equanimity and fortitude. In some places that rejoiced in hog-wallows, I found considerable difficulty in making any progress whatever, sinking above my knees and almost sticking fast, anticipating every moment the delight of being bogged, in which case I had remained a lasting monument of the foolhardiness of the Britishers, as the Yankees denominate us. Still, however, on I trudged, striking out with great perseverance for a burn which lay at some distance between the pond and the savannah. This, after a varied series of experiments upon the philosophy and *matériel* of mud, I presently reached, and again experienced some pleasure in progressing. The nature of these burns it will be, perhaps, desirable to explain. Towards the spring of the year the inhabitants of the Texan wilderness set fire to the prairies which blaze up without difficulty, and the flames continue their devastating progress until arrested by some stream, or a peculiarly wet portion of the immense and *belles plaines*. The surface of the burns, the sun being thus able to use its influence, remains ever after dry, and covered with patches of short green grass, much coveted by the deer which there congregate in vast herds upon them. I could see many of them far out of reach of shot, now grazing quietly, and now raising their heads and snuffing the wind, then leisurely walking away. They had evidently caught sight or scent of me, and distrusting my intentions, gradually made themselves scarce.

The burn was unfortunately soon crossed, the wet boggy prairie again presenting itself; and from the want of a proper knowledge of localities, I fell into a snipe swamp. On the edge of the burn there appeared some very lofty grass, reaching to the height of not less than six feet, and through this I struck, starting at every step a gray or white snipe. I soon, however, found myself in a fix, since I was actually walking through a pond some two feet deep, muddy, boggy, and so interlaced with roots of grass, as to render my advance extremely difficult. By dint of patience, however, I got through, though not without considerable fatigue. I was now about half a mile from the little lake I sought; and knowing, from former experience, the very sharp nature of the gentlemen I was in search of, especially in these flat savannahs, I very shortly began to use great caution in my progress. The nearer I advanced the higher the grass became, until, when about a hundred yards from the grove of trees, lying between me and the pond, it once more overtopped my head. When arrived at this spot, I could plainly distinguish the quacking of numberless ducks and geese, and used therefore the greatest care to circumvent my prey. I pushed forward, however, stooping slightly until I gained the grove, when I crawled on my hands and knees to the summit of the bank on which the trees grew, firing the instant the birds rose, alarmed by some slight noise I had unavoidably made. The pond was not very large, but every portion of its surface was thickly covered with wild fowl, so that my two barrels taking effect among the dense crowd as they rose on the wing, it will not, I hope, be a matter of surprise that I was disappointed when but five ducks and four geese remained upon the field: doubtless there were many others wounded, but that to me was no consolation. I almost thought my powder and shot wasted, though, as it afterwards turned out, I was mistaken.

Having bagged my prey, and there being no immediate prospect of the pond being revisited, I proceeded to examine the different features of the spot I had gained, in which I found nothing remarkable, save that the trees were in many instances covered by the wild vine which extended its creeping tendrils to the loftiest branches. Indigenous grapes grow luxuriantly throughout Texas, and, when ripe, are of an excellent flavour; they often, as in the instance of which I now speak, attach themselves to trees, frequently enveloping them on every side, and forming the most delicious natural arbores pendant in due season with the luscious grape, protected from the excessive heat of the sun by a luxuriant foliage, too much of which, equally with too little, is, however, adverse to the perfection of the fruit. Neither must we fail to notice a patch of the sensitive plant, of almost an acre in extent, stretching to the eastward, the delicate pink flower of which had not yet burst forth. Nothing is more elastic to the tread than this plant, so much so, that when I walked across its surface, trampling down the drooping and apparently withered leaves, and then looked back, I presented a trail which even an Indian would have been puzzled to have followed;

not a mark of my rude footsteps remained—all was life and verdure again. I could not but remark with curiosity a peculiar phenomenon of their sensitive-ness; not only those plants which were in immediate contact with my person appeared to droop and wither, but the sensation was communicated to those many feet in advance, which presented the same appearance of shrinking delicacy as the former. The extent of impression on their sensitive structure depended, however, upon the connection of the plants by their roots, which are interwoven with each other, and through which means the shock is communicated.

The grove appeared to be the constant resort of travellers, as paths diverged from it on all sides, and numerous fresh marks of fires were to be seen. Between two thick bushes, Capt. Tod, my worthy host, had formed a kind of alcove or bower, for the purpose of secreting one's self, and thus allowing the return of game, when they had been rudely frightened away; and into this I crept, in the hope that it would serve its intended purpose, and enable me to bear home with me materials for a supper more adequate to the hunters' appetites than what I had already in my possession would afford. But it was in vain: my ducks were like the celebrated French traveller's eagles, whom he awaited patiently in an underground hole for a fortnight—too old to be trapped. Finding this to be the case, after a somewhat long delay, I contented myself with firing a volley of mustard-seed shot into a flock of rice-birds, of which I slew four or five, and then began to think of making an honourable retreat.

It was considerably past midday, some time having been consumed in crossing the prairie, as well as in the ambuscade; and when I once more gained the plain, I began to feel somewhat anxious about the right cut. I am naturally weak sighted, and, in my walk out, had failed to take the very desirable precaution of looking back for land marks, thinking I should be sure to see the frame house from the pond; but when I prepared to shape my course homeward, I found I had made a trifling mistake, since nothing was to be seen from where I stood but a dark unbroken line of forest, many miles in extent. I, however, struck out boldly, and, as ill luck would have it, moved to the west instead of to the eastward, leaving Todville, as I afterwards found, upon my right hand. I soon discovered that I had made some egregious blunder, but in endeavouring to rectify it, I rendered matters worse, going still more to the westward, when I shortly lost sight, in consequence of some imperceptible swell in the prairie, of the trees which edged the pond, and began to flounder about as I have seen certain unlucky porpoises do, when left in shoal water by the tide. Here was a pretty perplexing predicament; but on I went, for more than two hours, through bog, swamp, morass, and over burn, making always for the forest, which, like the mirage of the Arabian desert, appeared close unto me, but was never reached. The weight of my gun and game, as well as the heavy nature of the ground I went over through the tropical heat of 29° s, so completely overcame my European constitution, not as yet quite inured to the country, that it was with the utmost difficulty I could refrain from casting away arms, ammunition, ducks, geese, rice-birds, and the whole paraphernalia which impeded my progress. Once or twice I lay down on some little dry hillock, which rose like an oasis in the swamp, when hunger soon aroused me, for, Texan like, I had taken nothing with me for the refectation of the inner man.

It was almost night when I reached the edge of a small stream along which ran the road from Virginia to Houston, a hard beaten track concerning which I could not for a moment be mistaken. The truth immediately flashed across my mind that I was more than ten miles from home, to walk which distance without rest or food I concluded to be an impossibility. I therefore strolled slowly along the bank of the rivulet, until about half a mile from thence I fell upon a spot, which appeared fit for an encampment, when I at once determined to put up for the night. I was now on the edge of what was known as the "big oak timber," with huge dry boughs lying about in every direction; on the skirt of the wood, and near the water, I found a small thicket, the centre of which had been cleared away by some former traveller, and the ground literally baked by numerous successive fires. Collecting sufficient wood for my immediate wants, and building a somewhat extensive fire, I drew forth my pistol which had a flint and pan, and soon ignited by the flash a small bit of cotton, of course raw, always carried for the purpose. This I placed in the centre of some perfectly dry Spanish moss, and in two minutes my fire was blazing up smartly, and casting its red glare on the bushes around; a quarter of an hour diligently spent provided a stock of wood sufficient for a few hours.

My next care was to pluck a couple of ducks to begin, which having done, I split them open scientifically, and spitted them upon my ramrod, sticking which in the ground with a slight inclination towards the fire; I lay down and was about to enjoy the luxury of repose, while my supper was cooking, when a sound caught my ears which caused me to seize my gun and prepare for action, since, until you find it to be a friend, everything in Texas must be looked upon as an enemy. I could distinctly hear the footsteps of more than one horse, and slipping outside the thicket, I saw at a short distance two mounted travellers skirting the timber, and advancing towards me along the path leading from Houston. They could not see me, but the fire having attracted their attention, they halted and discharged a gun in token of their approach. I followed their example, slipping towards them at the same time, and as they drew near at the signal, almost sure that I was right, I exclaimed,

"Colonel Love, is that you?"

"Captain —, as I am a Texan. Why, how came you into this uninhabited part of the world? I left you safe enough in Galveston, stowed on board your own brig, not more than a week ago."

"Accidents will happen, Colonel; I got tired of the monotony of our eighteen guns, for sole company, and accordingly took a flight up hither."

Explanations more extended in their nature now ensued on both sides, when Colonel Love, who had with him a negro servant, determined to encamp with me, that we might proceed together to Captain Tod's in the morning. The Colonel, an old friend of mine, was returning from his plantation on the Brazos, where he had been spending a week. This he explained more fully while Sambo unloaded the horses, and gave them the sweep of two ropes to graze upon; this done, my wild ducks were again called into requisition, to which were added Indian corn bread, coffee, &c., and it was while smoking an excellent pipe of the odoriferous Indian weed, and over a gourd full of excellent whiskey punch, that the Colonel made the remark with which my narrative opens. I do not exactly remember what reply I vouchsafed, but I recollect that I very soon drew the conversation to the Indians of Texas, concerning whom the Colonel having related several anecdotes, remarked that he would recount an adventure which perhaps I had heard before, yet as he was an actor in it, and could therefore afford me peculiar details, might not be unworthy my attention.

"If I had heard it fifty times, Colonel," I replied, "I would listen to it with pleasure from the mouth of an actor in it, so proceed; I await the narrative with impatience."

The Colonel replenished his pipe, told Sambo to heap on a few more logs, and take himself off to snooze, and then turning towards me, proceeded to detail his story of the Indian fight near the gold mine of San Saba.

"You have doubtless," commenced my friend the Colonel, "heard something of the flying reports which are in circulation concerning the gold mines of San Saba, and how anxious all good Texan citizens are to obtain information with regard to one of the most important features of the interior of their country; not less well known to you is it that the San Saba river is about three hundred miles in the rear of the back settlements, somewhere near the sources of the Colorado river, in the very heart of the Indian country, and of course nothing can be conceived more perilous than any attempt to penetrate to this mine through *des savanes arides qui ressemblent aux steppes de la Tartarie*, as a mutual acquaintance of ours has it. On the second day of November, however, in the year 1831, I departed from the town of San Antonio de Bexar with eleven companions, in search of the gold mines aforesaid; the party consisted of myself and the following other persons: Razin P. Bowie, of Louisiana; James Bowie, afterwards killed in the Alamo; David Buchanan, Robert Armstrong, Jesse Wallace, Mathew Doyle, Cephas D. Hamm, James Coriell, Thomas M'Caslin, as well as Gonzales and Charles, two servant boys. During seventeen days we travelled, without interruption, a north course, through rolling prairies, beautiful hills and valleys of surpassing loveliness, and on the nineteenth of the month were encamped on the borders of a small rivulet.

"About ten in the morning we were overhauled by two Comanche Indians then at peace with us, and a Mexican captive belonging to the tribe, who had been on our trail the previous night, and followed it up. Being summoned into the camp, they stated themselves to be of Isaonie's party, a chief of the Comanche Indians, who, with sixteen of his warriors, was on the road to San Antonio to carry in certain horses belonging to that town which they had recaptured from some horse thieves. You will perceive from this, that the Comanches served as a police, whereas now they are our deadliest enemies. After these Indians had smoked with us, and talked for about an hour, and we had made them some presents of tobacco, powder, shot, &c., they once more fell upon the trail, and returned to Isaonie, who was waiting for them on the Illano river.

As soon as they were gone, we mounted our horses, and pushed forward the whole of that day, until night closing in, forced us once more to halt, choosing, as before, our position on a small stream, alike for our own sakes and that of our animals. The next morning between daylight and sunrise, the sentinel whose turn of duty it was, alarmed the camp, and announced the approach of some other strangers trotting through the neighbouring wood; it proved to be the Mexican captive above alluded to, his horse and himself very much fatigued. Dismounting from his reeking steed, he sat down, and both smoked and ate before he condescended to give any information as to the purpose of his visit. At the end, however, of a few minutes, he told us that he came from Isaonie, the Comanche chief, to warn us that we were followed by a marauding party of one hundred and twenty-four Tawachanie and Wacco Indians, who had been recently joined by forty Caddos, all declaring their positive intention to have our scalps at all risks. Isaonie, according to the Mexican captive, had held a talk with them on the previous afternoon, and used his whole eloquence to dissuade them from their purpose, but they were determined, even urging the friendly chief to join them; on his refusal to do which, they broke up the council, cut down the tree of peace, dug up the hatchet, and broke the calumet. In token of his mission as envoy, and of the truth of what he asserted, the Mexican produced his chief's silver medal, an ordinary custom with the red men upon these occasions. He was further directed to inform us, on the part of Isaonie, that though he had under his command but sixteen warriors, poorly appointed and without ammunition, yet still if we would return and join him, he would fight with us to the last gasp. We held council on this point, and at length came to the decision that, as the enemy lay between him and our camp, it would be imprudent to accede to his request; we preferred endeavouring to reach the old fort on the San Saba river, about thirty miles off, and which we considered ourselves able to hold against any number of the varmint. We desired the Mexican, however, to inform Isaonie, that if he could there form a junction with us, we should be happy to accept his services, and provide him with ammunition. The envoy then remounted his jaded steed, to convey our message to his chief, and we pursued our way, determined if possible not to be overtaken by the enemy, ere we were fully prepared to cope with them.

"The country through which we had to pass offered but very bad roads, rough, winding, and stony; our horses tripped at each moment, and we had often to dismount and lead the tired beasts. Here and there we encountered steep ravines, narrow glens, now hill paths stippery and loose; then we had rivers to ford, all uniting sorely to vex the feet of our poor unshod horses. Accordingly we did not reach the fort, though we held on our way as long as nature would permit, when, finding that the animals actually refused to advance, we looked around us in order to select an advantageous encampment for the night, in which we found no little difficulty under the circumstances. I and Razin Bowie at length made choice of one, which appeared the best capable of defence,—to us the most important consideration. It was a cluster of live oak trees, some forty of fifty in number, each tree being about a foot in diameter. To the north of these was a thicket of musquit bushes, about ten feet high, forty yards in length, and twenty in breadth, communicating with the thicket. On the western side, at a distance of about four and forty yards, ran a stream of water, some half dozen feet below the level of our camp. The surrounding country was an open and desolate prairie, interspersed by a few trees, rocks, and rough broken ground. Across this to the eastward lay our trail, which led into a thick jungle at the distance of about half a mile.

"After taking a careful military survey of our position, and being satisfied that it was the least capable of being surprised of any we could hit upon, we prepared it for further defence by cutting a road inside the clump of live oaks, throwing the bushes and trees, as we cleared them, to the outside, where we left a dense rampart of timber and prickly pears, ten feet thick. We then knocked away the fruit from the bushes, hopped our Rosinantes, and placed sentinels for the night, not without the certain expectation of being engaged before morning in a bloody conflict, knowing, as we did, that Isaonie was incapable of deceiving us. It was much regretted by our whole party that we had not gained the old San Saba Fort, distant six miles, and built by the Spaniards in 1752, for the purpose of protecting them while working the mines, which are about a mile distant from it. Very soon after its erection, it was attacked during the night by the Comanche Indians, and the garrison being overcome, every soul was put to death. Since that period the Mexicans have ceased working in the neighbourhood, abandoning the place altogether; and it being within the territories of the Texan Republic, it was now our object to explore it for commercial purposes. In the fortification is a church, which, had

we reached before night, we should have occupied and defended against the Indians. The fort surrounds about an acre of land, under a twelve-foot stone wall.

"Supper being concluded we proceeded to melt such bags of lead as we had with us into ball, which having been done we divided our ammunition, and found that each man had 125 bullets for his gun, while Razin Bowie had twenty-three pistol balls. We were all armed with rifles save Bowie and M'Caslin, who had double-barrelled guns, and the former a brace of pistols. Our powder was plentiful, especially as the majority had rifles, which, as you are well aware, take as small a quantity as a pistol; had we been armed with muskets or fowling-pieces, we should have expended our ammunition in half the time. At the Saba Fort we were aware of the existence of both powder and lead, left there for us by an unsuccessful Santa Fe expedition, and we therefore were the more desirous to reach that place ere we were circumvented by the varmint, as we were well enough versed in Indian tactics to know that once attacked, the fight would be of much longer duration than our ammunition.

"Nothing occurred during the night, and we lost no time next morning in making preparations for proceeding on our journey so as to reach the fort and there breakfast. It would have been wise and have much conduced to our comfort if we could have taken this meal. As it was, we were in the very act of starting, when a loud cry from Gonzales, one of our mulattoes, arrested our attention, and looking around we discovered the Indians on our trail to the east, about 200 yards distant, a footman about fifty yards in advance of the main body, tracking us and guiding his party. The cry of 'Indian' was given, and all hands were summoned to arms. We accordingly dismounted, and both saddle and pack horses, of which we had several, were made fast in the centre of the thicket. As soon as the enemy became aware of our proximity, and found by our movements that we had discovered them, they gave the war whoop, the long echoes of which were cast back by the forest in a peculiarly sepulchral and dismal manner. They then halted, and after a brief consultation commenced stripping preparatory to action. A number of mounted Indians meanwhile employed themselves in reconnoitring the ground, amongst whom we discovered a few Caddoes."

"By the cut of their jib," interrupted I.

"Exactly," replied he, "their hair being peculiarly dressed; and we were the more surprised at seeing them since they had previously been considered friendly to us Yankees."

"The force of the enemy being so far superior to what we could offer to cope with them—164 experienced Indian warriors to ten white men and two mulatto boys—it was agreed that Razin P. Bowie should be despatched under cover of a white flag to parley with the varmint, and thus endeavour to avoid the unequal contest by effecting a compromise. No man of our party so well understood the Wacco character and language as Razin, which occasioned his selection for the somewhat dangerous office of mediator; accordingly, with David Buchanan in company, he shouldered his gun and issued from the thicket in the direction of the enemy, still engaged in the usual preparations for strife, howling and shrieking at the top of their voices. Bowie's path was along the open prairie to the east, forming, as soon as he gained the plain with his companion, a prominent object to both parties; we stood of course under arms most anxiously awaiting the effect to be produced by his proceeding, not without serious misgivings as to the result of his mission. The instant the Indians perceived our envoys advancing they stood still, while the chief issued orders the purport of which we could not catch. Bowie and Buchanan meantime walked up boldly to within about forty yards of their lines, and cried out to them in the Wacco dialect that they should send forward their chief, as they wanted to talk with him, holding out at the same time a calumet or pipe of peace. A pause of an instant ensued, when the answer was, 'How de do? how de do, Yankee? Yankee?' in English, and a discharge of twelve shots at our gallant envoys, one of which completely crippled Buchanan's right leg.

"'Good heavens, Bowie,' said Davie, as he fell and then vainly endeavoured to raise himself, 'they have done for me this time I reckon.'

"'Done for you this time! I calculate not,' replied Bowie, lowering his double-barrelled gun and discharging its contents at the Indians, which he followed up by a pistol shot, 'I calculate not indeed. No such thing, an Injun never yet circumvented me, I speculate upon not making this time an exception; so here goes, my friend.'

"So saying, Razin Bowie quietly turned and taking Buchanan on his shoulders started back for the encampment. The enemy, who for an instant had remained transfixed with astonishment at the coolness of the whole proceeding, now opened a heavy fire on the fugitives, by which Buchanan was twice more wounded, while Bowie's red flannel hunting shirt was pierced in several places, without his receiving the least injury. Perceiving that their volleys were ineffectual to arrest his progress—somewhat slow with the weight of Buchanan and two guns—eight Waccos on foot took up after him with their tomahawks without being seen by us, in consequence of certain bushes obstructing our line of sight. It was only when the enemy was close upon our gallant comrades that I discovered them, and sallying forth with M'Caslin, Doyle, and Hamm, we brought down four of them with our rifles at the first volley, the rest took to their heels and retreated to the main body ere we could again load. Assisting Bowie with his charge we returned to our position, bound up Buchanan's wounds, and laid him upon the luggage, giving his gun for the time to Gonzales. All was then perfectly still for about five minutes, during which time we stood quietly to our arms close to the edge of the live oak thicket.

"At the distance of about sixty yards to the north east, was a hill backed by a grove of trees, which we presently discovered red with Indians, who opened upon us a heavy fire, uttering at the same time loud and discordant yells. We gave them volley for volley, but expected every minute to come to close quarters, their chief on horseback urging them in a loud and perfectly audible voice to the charge, walking his steed in the most cool and composed manner towards us. When we first discovered him, our guns were all empty save Hamm's."

"'Who is loaded?' cried out James Bowie.

"'I am,' replied Cephas.

"Then shoot that Indian varmint on horseback," was our general cry, knowing as we did the great influence of a chief upon his followers.

"Cephas D. Hamm took careful aim, and hit him in the left leg, killing his horse at the same time, and throwing the rider to the ground. The Indian, however, nothing daunted, was now seen by us hopping round his horse on one leg, with his shield held up before him to protect himself from our balls, encouraging his companions to the charge, to which they appeared more than half inclined. By this time four of us being reloaded fired at the same time, and we believe all the balls took effect through the shield. He accordingly fell, and

was immediately surrounded by seven or eight of his tribe, who raised him on their shoulders and prepared to carry him off to the back of the hill. Determined however they should not do so, we shot two of them at one volley, and at the second so crippled the rest, that, dropping the body of the chief, the whole party retreated behind the bank out of sight, with the exception of one or two who glided from tree to tree clear of gun-shot.

"At this instant we missed Gonzales, and having several times called him in vain, at length saw the daring little rascal running along on his hands and knees towards the hillock in question. Almost certain in our own minds that the Indians would discover and make prisoner our young mulatto, we stood ready to sally forth in his defence, when we perceived him gain the hillock, and creep up to the chief's body, completely sheltered from the enemy's view. Deliberately unsheathing his knife, he then took the Indian's scalp—in search of which he had thus adventured himself. Replacing the dagger, and suspending the tuft in his girdle, he again turned towards the camp, and gained it undiscovered, when he received the most cordial praise for his courage. Nor were we ungratified by his trophy, since we knew that nothing would so singularly impress the enemy with an idea of our valour as finding their chief's head denuded.

"No time, however, was left for speculation or comment, since the Indians after a brief pause covered the hill a second time, bringing up the bowmen on this occasion, who had not been in action before, and commencing a heavy fire with balls and arrows, which we returned by the well-directed aim of our whole force. Loud above the crack of rifles and muskets, rose the mourning cry of the Indians when they discovered that the chief had been scalped, and they crowded round him shaking their guns over their heads and vowing dire vengeance upon us. At this instant another chief presented himself upon horseback, near the spot where the other had fallen, and who, pointing fiercely to the body of his colleague, appeared once more to be inciting his warriors to the charge. The same question relative to who was loaded was now eagerly asked on all hands; the answer this time was 'nobody,' when little Charles, my mulatto, came running up with Buchanan's rifle, which he had just charged. James Bowie took it out of his hand, and standing up behind a live oak, fired and brought the leader of the enemy from his horse a corpse. He was immediately surrounded by six or eight of his tribe, as had been his prototype in misfortune, and despite our heavy fire was this time borne off out of reach of our bullets, and our scalping companion. Volley now succeeded volley from both parties, we having of course the decided advantage of being more concealed from the enemy, who to attack us were compelled to shew themselves without any cover. We ourselves even were not very well screened, as the trees were some distance apart, and to return their fire we were forced to expose ourselves more than we could have wished. Our position too was becoming at each instant more hazardous. The Indians crowded on the hill kept up an incessant fire, their balls and arrows whistling over head and around us in every direction; and while we were intently occupied in defending ourselves from these, some twenty or thirty of the Caddo tribe succeeded totally unperceived by us in getting under the bank of the creek in our rear, at the distance of no more than forty yards. The first notice we received of their presence was a cry from Gonzales, who discovered them, when turning round, we received a heavy discharge from their rifles, one of them wounding Matthew Doyle severely, the ball entering the left breast and coming out at the back. When Doyle received this wound, he was little in advance of the rest, in a somewhat exposed situation; we having, as I before observed, fought them up to the present time from the outer trees of the encampment. No sooner did our unlucky companion fall, crying out that he was wounded, than Thomas M'Caslin rushed forward to the spot where he fell, his rifle cocked and crying out, 'Where is the villain who shot Doyle?'

"Lie down, M'Caslin,' exclaimed Razin Bowie, who knew by the report of the Caddoes' guns that they were riflemen, 'lie down, I say, and don't expose yourself in that manner. Those devils yonder will pick your eye out at forty yards.'

"Confound their rifles,' replied M'Caslin angrily, 'they have shot Doyle, and I conclude to pick up the rascal that did it.'

"At this instant an Indian rose upon the opposite bank of the creek, and M'Caslin standing forward levelled his piece and was about to fire when he was shot through the centre of his body, and falling back instantly expired. It can be easily understood how we felt at this rude diminution of our force, but that hour was not one for thought but for decisive action.

"Curse the Indian who shot Doyle,' exclaimed Robert Armstrong standing up, 'where is he?'

"Armstrong, are you mad?' cried Bowie, 'do you wish to follow poor M'Caslin?'

"Armstrong, however, who was strongly affected at the death of his friend M'Caslin, stood up and discovered an Indian; while bringing his rifle up to his arm, he was fired at, part of the stock of his gun cut off, and the ball lodged against the barrel. Armstrong, however, let fly and brought down the Caddo.

"Matters now appeared coming to a climax; our enemies had formed themselves in a complete circle round us, occupying every available corner, points of rocks, little mounds, and scattered trees and bushes. The firing was general from all quarters; in no direction could we turn without finding a Caddo, a Wacco, or a Tawachanie, and having divided ourselves each single man had to answer the volley of a dozen of the enemy.

"I reckon, Love,' said Razin Bowie to me as we stood side by side, 'this is pretty extensively tall work.'

"I had no time to answer ere a discharge from the Indians wounded both Bazin and myself, and finding our situation by far too much exposed among the trees, it was decided to take to the thicket, to which our wounded friends Buchanan and Doyle, the horses and the baggage, had long since been conveyed. The first thing to be done to render this change of position possible was to effect a dislodgement of the riflemen, stationed under the bank of the creek, and in the bed of the river, who being within point blank shot, harassed us excessively. This we soon effected by bringing our whole fire to bear on that side, shooting the greater number of them through the head, as we had the advantage of seeing them without being seen. The rest fled and left the most exposed portion of our camp free from molestation.

"The open space we had cut in the interior of the thicket on the previous night, now gave us an advantageous situation over that of our enemy, it being a little above the level of the prairie, and offering a clear view of the Indians, while from them we ourselves were completely hid. The firing, however, was unceasing, though we were as chary of our powder as possible, and trying to baffle their shots, by moving six or eight feet the moment we discharged our shooting-iron, as their only mark was the smoke of our guns. The necessity of this will be apparent to you, when I mention that they would put twenty

balls within the size of a small pocket handkerchief, wherever they saw smoke arise, or heard a report. Sometimes they advanced on one side, sometimes on another, but, despite all efforts of their chiefs, could not be persuaded to charge, though at times they would advance half-way, when a running fire from us would send them back howling to a respectful distance. During two whole hours we fought them in this manner, and had but one man wounded, James Coriell, who was shot through the arm, the ball then lodging in the side, after first cutting away the bough of a small tree, which, taking away its strength, prevented it from penetrating to any depth. He did not however cease from the contest, but lying down amid the bushes gave the enemy the benefit of his rifle at every opportunity.

"The Indians now discovered that it was impossible by this tedious mode of operations to dislodge us from the thicket, and also saw, evidently, that we were not to be killed by random shots, while they themselves suffered severely; for though we fired but seldom, in order to preserve our ammunition, yet at every round we brought down half a dozen of killed or wounded. They accordingly desisted from the attack, and, assembling all altogether, held council. We were of course exceedingly anxious to learn the result of this conference; concerning which, however, we were not long kept in doubt, for, after the lapse of about a quarter of an hour, a sheet of flame, followed by a dense smoke, sufficiently explained their intentions. They all fired the dry grass of the prairie, for the double purpose of endeavouring to rout us from our position, and under the cover of the smoke to carry away their dead and wounded, which lay in dangerous proximity to us. The wind at the time was blowing from the west, and, as they placed the fire in that quarter, the invidious element advanced rapidly towards us, threatening to spread the conflagration to our very feet. But on reaching the foot of the acclivity on which we were encamped it bore off to right and to the left, leaving around our position an open space of more than five acres untouched by the fire, which continued its progress to the creek, and there went out, *faute d'aliment*. We were, I assure you, much relieved by this, as we anticipated other and far more disagreeable results. Under cover of the smoke, however, the Indians succeeded in carrying off about half their dead and wounded, we not being able to see them through the dense vapour which blew in our very faces, and being, moreover, diligently engaged in scraping away the dry grass and leaves from our wounded men and baggage, to stop the progress of the fire, if it did not go out of itself, a fact which for some time was very doubtful. We likewise anxiously employed all hands in piling bushes and stones, to answer the purpose of a breastwork, behind which to ensconce ourselves in case the trees and mosquito bushes were burnt down. Fortunately, as I have before said, no such event occurred, to render our position more difficult and hopeless.—(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF PERSONS AND SCENES IN SOUTH AMERICA.—No. VII.

It was towards the close of the rainy season that we beat up to windward. The sailor who had secured so eligible a lodgment for the last morsel that he had masticated in Puerto Cabello of the narcotic weed, eased off the bowline, and hitched up his inexpressibles with no measured glee, proceeding from that contentment of disposition and flow of animal spirits, which an act of unprecedented philanthropy will naturally inspire. The mountains almost to the summit, with chameleon-like rapidity, had exchanged their brown and yellow hue for one of a livelier colour, and nature was reposeing after her unusual toil. Oh! how I dote upon Her in her garb of livelier green! The devotion manifested by the etherealizing and conscience-stricken Rousseau, when he ordered his bed to be drawn towards the window, that he might take his last glimpse at the receding luminary of the day, setting upon him forever, could not be more intense than that which I experienced in contemplating in their length and breadth, the gigantic strides which had been made in so short a period. The glaucous ocean beneath and the cerulean firmament above seemed to be impregnated with a deeper and more decided tinge, by the reflection and refluxion of the emerald mantle with which they were contrasted, and partially enveloped.

Upon landing at La Guayra, the surf was so outrageously heavy, we preferred shooting by the wharf and beaching; and whilst the rolling breaker was receding I jumped upon the shore, scarcely wetting the sole of my foot, the boat, the next moment, being afloat, and pulling back again for the vessel. As I had been specially invited, by my worthy Principal and friend, to try the more bracing and invigorating air of Caraccas, I dallied away but a few hours at the minor establishment to refresh myself, and take a cold bath after the voyage.

It was with difficulty we pushed our way through the exceedingly narrow and suffocating streets, it being one of the two days out of the seven in which the Arrieras were employed in loading their mules and asses. Some had a barrel of flour slung to each side, others were equally balanced with bags of coffee, and the remainder, consisting principally of the patient, stupid little animal, that is contented with a few thistles for his supper, and asks for no better to his bread, had merchandise of all descriptions piled upon their backs, as the camel is laden that passes over the desert—in the midst of the hubbub, an invalid stands a fair chance of being jammed and squeezed into a mummy, in his efforts to jostle aside the protruding incumbrances.

La Guayra is so cramped and destitute of room, that, when first constructed, the mountains and the town had evidently been falling out, and squaring at one another, as pugilists do whilst exercising their disgusting avocation, for the slender strip of land that lies between the former and the sea. In their selection of a site, the Spaniards surely must have been allured to this one by the captivating properties of the water. The streamlet, which descends through a ravine, is strongly infused from the roots of Sarsaparilla, growing along the margin, which conduces, in an eminent degree, to the health and constitutional vigor of the inhabitants, especially the younger branches. Surrounding the fountain, in the eastern portion of the town, are usually to be found half a dozen black damsels, dashing about the spray. You perceive at once, by their sheep-s-eye glances, and frolicksome antics, that they are conscious of their virgin charms, and imagine that they may not be totally devoid of interest to the white stranger; and one almost fancies that they would have no particular objection to an amorous pale husband, however excessive might be the violence they would have to do their own feelings by accepting of his heart and hand. Gradually sloping and towering above are the fortifications, from whence the tinkling of a bell announces when any vessel is nearing the offing.

Our store being situated in the market-place, I proceeded thither, and was grieved to learn that a mulatto and a negro had, with their *cuchillos*, the evening preceding, been hacking one another almost to pieces near the very threshold of our door-way. Nor could I help commiserating the half-starved and squalid looking Royalists, who were sweeping the streets, guarded by a soldier, and loaded with heavy irons, or carrying burdens, and those not of a very en-

viable classification, upon their shoulders. Pushing onwards through the outward gate, we were not far from stumbling over the carcass of a defunct shark, stranded upon the beach, in which the dissecting knife had been making some incisions, scooping out a number of slices nearest the tail, those being the most savoury and delicious. Sailors put upon short allowance, say that Shark cutlets grilled upon a gridiron, are as delicate eating as an ortolan dipped in soy-sauce and watered with mushroom ketchup, or a becca frico wrapped in a leaf of Indian-corn, and in this amateur funeral shroud, sent to undergo the last rites of interment in the capacious sepulchre of some Sicilian vine dresser, or Neapolitan count.

It is not uncommon for sharks to be thrown up and stranded by the surf; nor are they the only martyrs to the inclemency of the La Guayra breakers, for, further on, and resting on her beam-ends, there lay a gallant little sloop, with a hole bilged through her bottom, and half full of rotten fish, which sent forth a fetor that, had it been secured and bottled, might have been disposed of to the Hottentots and Esquimaux for otto of roses, or the concentrated essence of mille fleurs.

A third of the way to Macatia, we encountered a ledge of rocks, on which many of the merchantmen that were driven from their anchorage during the tremendous hurricane, I think, of the year 1815, split, and were rent asunder. The only vessel that escaped was a United States frigate, the Constitution or Constellation, which slipped her cable at the commencement of the storm, and weathered Cape Blanco just in the nick of time to save her bacon—to say nothing of the many barrels of pork, molasses, and other rarities, stowed away in the lockers, that were on board. Whilst examining the cargo of the sloop, our eye caught a group of peones, who were seated in front of a pulperia, with long poles resting near them on each end of which, a grouser, or some other heavy fish was dangling. They were waiting, ready to shoulder their piscatory burden, for the cool of the evening, seizing the auspicious moment to gamble a little, and fortify their weasands with a drop of "summut short," before respiring the air of the mountain. These sybils of the deep are caught in piraguas, capacious enough to hold but one fisherman, who will paddle out to sea until no longer discernible to the naked eye; and the small bate is entrapped in the meshes of a net, by casting it into the water from the mole. For upwards of half an hour after launching upon the wave, they may be seen bobbing up and down, like that part of the machinery, though not quite so quick, that is put in motion by the treadles in a weaver's loom; and they will ride over and surmount the breakers, where a larger craft would, in many instances, be swamped.

We crossed a small rivulet and reached the foot of the mountain just as our fat and jolly friend the Arriero Rafael Diaz was munching his last mouthful of pan y queso (bread and cheese). He had unpacked his 20 or 30 mules, and was leaning with his head upon the saddle, and his legs stretched along the ground, all ready for a start so soon as Dian's silver crescent should yield light enough to enable them to thread the sinuosities of the road that lay before them. The route in some places was almost precipitous; and our sure-footed quadrupeds kept veering first to the dexter and then to the sinister,—not dissimilar to a ship beating against an unfavourable gale. Tradition affirms that when this road was first called into existence, so confused and disputatious were the settlers regarding the bendings and turnings it would be most judicious to follow, that, not being able to solve the knotty point among themselves they agreed to leave the solution thereof to a jackass. He led them on to the chasm where the drawbridge is now situated, there, finding himself in a dilemma, he doggedly turned round upon his followers, jumped over their shoulders, and left them to conjure out the remainder themselves, in the best way they knew how. Not the first ass by many, who has first deluded, and afterwards betrayed those who may have placed too much confidence in him.

And, here, I must beg leave to apologise for having, in some of the paragraphs of my foregone narrative, discoursed so unrestrainedly about asses—or rather, for having mixed and intermingled so august a topic with matters of more trivial importance—perceiving their rising consequence in the estimation of Society, I think, it will be conceded that, an entire chapter ought to be devoted exclusively to themselves.

The only habitation we descried, ere attaining the drawbridge, was embosomed in the midst of a *canuco*, in a deep valley to the left environed by a cemented terrace for curing and drying coffee. In some of the abrupt windings the coffee-bushes grow so near as to leave it in one's power to pluck the berries with the extended hand. The drawbridge presents a formidable barrier, looking as if one half the mountain had been violently torn asunder from the other by some volcanic concussion, and the presiding Genius of the storm had politely left a channel sufficiently circumscribed to admit of a bridge being thrown over the abyss. Ambling across the bridge your mule almost runs his nose into a dish of pickled baccalao, and another sort of mixture which is neither fish, flesh, nor good red-herring, but a salmagundi complication of all these good things united. This is not the halfway-house, though, had we been nearer the end of our journey, we might have mistaken it for such; since it would be a display of both presumption and ignorance to be on the look out for halfway houses until you have arrived at full three-quarters of the distance. Some may be inclined to set this down as if written by an ignoramus; the term of halfway having originated from an entirely different circumstance. A landlord stipulated to find the dinner for nothing, on the condition that his guests should drink a certain quantity, and pay for the liquor themselves. This he called meeting them, in the liberality of his disposition. "half-way;" but, then, the cunning little Isaac had a knack of making them drunk before dinner, for the same reason as at the large boarding-schools in Yorkshire, the mistress says, "Now, boys, those that eat the most pudding shall have the most meat." This, some have the boldness to assert, is what gave rise to the sign of the "Halfway House," and that it had no other origin whatever. "And, furthermore, it was enacted," by a committee of intelligent savans, that no Halfway house should be considered as a house, unless it were two or three miles either to the right or left of its natural geographical positions. The real halfway house, and no mistake, was not to be gained until we had scrambled up a few more acclivities, where the *genteel* race of people dash the dust off their clothes with their pocket handkerchiefs; and endeavouring to light upon some more than ordinarily interesting topic, converse upon the appearance of the crops, and the state of the weather.

On the table under the portico were a pair of boiled fowls, and three sons of the Church seated round them ready to begin. It was as clear from the way they went to work as a problem in Euclid, that not one of them had ever dismembered a cooked bird of any kind before. The master of the ceremonies began by sawing with all his might and main across the breast, but finding the old hen to be invulnerable, he handed the knife to his next neighbour, who, certain of eclipsing him, with a complacency of smiles, turned it over and fiddled away most determinately upon the back, until we were all so tickled, that

we were on the point of leading one another out into a contra-danse; when the third, a delicate and interesting looking young student, was summoned in his turn; but he recoiled altogether from the undertaking, and bestowed an inquisitive look upon me, which I perfectly comprehended. I laid hold of a knife that was none of the sharpest, and I stuck my fork into a fowl, which, if not hatched before the flood, was certainly a descendant of the pair that was saved in Noah's ark, and I disjointed it to the perfect satisfaction of the trio. Who are they who are malignant enough as sarcastically to insinuate, that they are too well fed? Here were three cenobites, the youngest twenty years of age, and not one of them had ever seen one of the feathered creation dissected before; but had contented themselves, in their cloisters, with cassava bread, pumpkins, and *san-couchie*.

At mid-day, it is not unusual for the summit of the mountain to be immersed in, and covered by clouds; the nebulosity, however, does not always prevent the traveller enjoying a bird's eye view of the harbour, and the shipping riding at anchor. A sudden turn of the road, and a far different prospect expands itself in an opposite direction, the principal feature of which is the plain of Caracacas, and the whitewashed city basking quietly in the middle thereof. We alighted from our saddles, at a cottage, to purchase a few pinks,—a trifling token of regard, much appreciated by the ladies—and nothing to be startled at—since, in Spain, the interchange of heart with heart is oftentimes effected through the medium of flowers. And singular to relate, these pinks were the only flowers that ever I met with in Colombia, that could be said to have any odour, the heat drawing the sweet fragrance out of all others; besides which, all plants or shrubs bearing floscules are rarely to be met with, whatever may be said by fibbing book-makers to the contrary.

Descending a little further down was a trough of refreshing water trickling from the rock, cooling the parched lips of man and beast. We had a smart shower just before entering the gates of the city, which occasioned our alighting at a grog-shop solely for shelter, but the owner was assiduous in his attentions and ambitious to show his knowledge of broken English. "You—Yankee mane or John Bull-o—takee some rum-o,—You ver fondlee of rumo,—all Inglish love rumo,—you havee sugar or no sugar-o,—mucho raino,—You catch coley-o?" How long he would have continued with this gibberish is uncertain, had we not stopped the clacking of his mill by a loud horse-laugh, accompanied with "O! O! O! we've heard enough." He turned round in astonishment, muttered something between his teeth about "malladetto siano los Ingleses," (cursed be those English), and since we would not take a glass of "rumo," mixed one for himself. He must have felt offended, as, no doubt, it was his intention to have played the amiable, and been very interesting.

We arrived in the centre of the city in time to witness the grand finale of a negro wedding. The bridegroom wast one of the most *politest* *gem'men* I ever seed, and had been vested with all the prerogatives of an A-cad "demme" education, having once, in the course of his impetuous career, been employed as a cad to an omnibus plying from the Angel in Islington to the terminus of the railroad station. The jiggery was in full vigour to the music of two calabashes, half full of beans, and we were invited to select our partners from a long line of Nubian heireses, dressed in white, into the particulars of whose ancestry I have never been able to fathom; but as one of our party promised that he would, one day or another, publish a compendious Debratt's peerage of their kith and kindred, as time advances we shall become more enlightened. We felt ourselves disposed to decline the well-meant invitation, but we were utterly unable to resist the privilege and tempting luxury of bestowing upon the pouting lips of the buxom bride a nerve-thrilling ambrosial kiss. The travelled cosmopolitan, for such the newly elected husband in reality was, had, at an early age, been sent by his master in charge of an enormous male turtle from the Island of Tortola, a present to an old crony in *Hungerford* in North Wilts, with particular instructions on no emergency whatever to allow it to be thrown overboard. A tank had been constructed on purpose to convey its unwieldy carcass. Towards the middle of the voyage, one very calm day when the sails were flapping against the masts for lack of wind, he handed the turtle a lump of sea-pie, and as it would not bite, he came to the wise conclusion that it was "unloquacious and merry sick indeed." He shook his head ominously, and said that a bath in the open sea was the only thing that would hinder it from kicking the bucket. The Captain, to humour him, and spend the time more pleasantly than in whistling for a breeze, ordered the long-boat to be lowered; but the rope by which the turtle was attached, slipping, some how or other, from between "mumbo jumbo's" fingers, the turtle, in lieu of kicking the bucket, kicked the bottom of the boat, and the calipash and calipee, that were destined to have replenished the paunches of so many respectable citizens, was adjourned *sine die*, and in the deep bosom of the ocean buried. The Coromatie nigger's grief was so extravagant that it brought on an itching in the back and shoulders which determined him never again to risk his reputation by paying his respects once more to so good a master; but the commander only laughed heartily, and cared not a pin about the matter. The risk to which shipping is exposed from being made top-heavy, in carrying over twenty or thirty head of turtle deserves to be commented upon, as well as the extra harassing duty to which the navigators are liable in having every two to three days to change the water in the casks so as to keep them fresh and lively; the drenchings that they must submit to, likewise from the swashing of the billows over the decks during a gale, drew the remark from one too witty sailor, that "every epicure in turtle, to give them a keener relish, and help them to appreciate its merits yet more highly, ought to have a tub full of salt water soused over him before sitting down to a civic entertainment." The gormandizer himself being in such a *pickle*, every other condiment would be superfluous.

I was greeted with a hearty welcome by my Principal and entertainer, who lived in the best and largest mansion in the city, and which had belonged to the bishop in the time of the old dominion. While we were sitting at breakfast, the following morning, in came a personage—one of all others, I should least have expected to shake by the hand in Colombia. This was no other than Joseph Lancaster—a name and a fame that have been magnified wherever little girls learn to keep their frocks clean, and tie their own pinafores, or little boys are cogitating upon hoops and candy, and eschew a whipping. Joseph was no longer a chicken; he had mounted up to the grand climacteric of his renown and reputation; and if not a fallen, he had reached the point in which he might be considered as a falling star. Yet, the very name of Lancaster fraught as it was with so many diphthong retrospections, and teeming with nouns, pronouns, vulgar fractions, prosody, and grammar, had, in the estimation of every philomath, almost cast Lindley Murray, Butterworth, Cocker, and the surplus of the host of school boy flagellators into a long column of shade, such only as one would guess to be reflected from Pompey's pillar, or the needle of Cleopatra. Cobbett, likewise, subsequently made a signal effort for the supplying of suds and water to all the family of the great unwashed; and by making a dray horse of his grammar, he strained every nerve to drag out of the mire and slough of

ignorance and supineness, all the sailors, plough-boys, tinkers, scavengers, chimney-sweepers and potwallopers of the land; but the whole of this vanished into flimsy vapour when compared with the straight-forward sailing, and undeviating course of Joseph Lancaster. Joseph, when the wind had lulled, was never at a stand-still, for then he had recourse to his monitors; nor had Cobbett any justifiable handle for accusing him of calling into requisition his sweeps; for, whilst the sweeps of Joseph pulled his disciples over the whirlpools and eddies of literature, the sweeps of Cobbett, with a grammar in one hand and a brush begrimed with soot in the other, scrambled to the chimney-tops, and there conjugated the active and passive verbs, to the no small amusement of the neuter ladies in the balconies of the upper stories.

I had been forewarned that Joseph was a Member of the Society of Friends, but this was no impediment with me, as I, myself, in my younger days, had passed some two to three years or so in a Quaker's boarding seminary. Be it known, he was not a Friend by inspiration, but one by installation, (unless, indeed, conviction in his own thoughts may bear the title of inspiration), having adopted the principles and conformed to the tenets of the orthodox Quakers after he had made the first advances towards celebrity, and when he had already soared above the mediocrity of his fellows. By trade he was brought up a basket-maker, and that latent feeling which hereafter shed its rays over the whole civilized globe, and betokened how excellent the core must have been from which it issued, radiated forth whilst labouring at his sedentary avocation. "Why," argued he, within himself, "should I not be able to bend the human mind to my will as rapidly and readily as these supple willows and osiers that I am twisting and wattling between my fingers? Many, if not most of them, are gathered from a marshy swamp, typical and symbolical of the brutality, ignorance, and moral turpitude, that hover over the darksome corners and hiding places of our insignificant globe. From off some I exorcise the bark before wreathing and fashioning them according to the dictates of my fancy or my calling,—of these I form the choicer and more elegant description of wicker-ware—others I leave unpeeled, and they are serviceable as fish-conveyancers, and for the uses of market-women; but who is there that will not be free to acknowledge that one and all of them, from the most symmetrical to the roughest wand are improved upon, and of considerable utility." He might have exemplified his argument still more comprehensively in the language of Seneca—"Ut ager, quamvis fertilis, sine cultura fructuosus esse non potest; sic sine doctrina animus." Even so is the human intellect; one division of it will bear a greater, another a less degree of polish; yet every ramification will be ameliorated and refined by the skill of a diligent and devoted workman.

Whitesboro', N.Y., Aug., 1845.

J. N****

ZUMALACARREGUI.

(Concluded.)

When all the advantages calculated upon from this expedition had been obtained, the retreat was sounded, and, forming up his men with the greatest celerity, Zumalacarregui marched rapidly away, carrying off the arms, horses, and prisoners, that had been taken. With all his haste, however, early upon the following day Lorenzo and Oraa were close upon his heels; but the wary Carlist had omitted no precaution, and, in anticipation of a hot pursuit, had ordered four battalions to meet him at the neighbouring pass of Lizarraga, where he accordingly found them waiting his arrival, and immediately prepared to give the Christinos a warm reception. The latter, on arriving in front of the position, probably considered it too formidable a one to attack; for they forthwith retreated, leaving Zumalacarregui in the peaceable enjoyment of a triumph which greatly increased his reputation and the confidence of his followers.

Quesada, who succeeded Valdes in the command of the Queen's army, was the first to introduce the horrible system of reprisals, or, it should rather be said, to occasion it, by cruelty towards his prisoners. Valdes, if he had done little towards terminating the war, had at least not envenomed it, or rendered its character more ferocious than he had found it. Although it was impossible to suspect him of any leaning towards his opponents, he always showed great moderation and humanity, and caused the wounded Carlists who fell into his hands to be treated with as much care as if they had been his own men. Quesada, on the contrary, irritated at the failure of certain attempts he had made to seduce Zumalacarregui, and subsequently other Carlist leaders, from their allegiance to him they called their King, and acting under the influence of a disposition which many events in his life sufficiently proved to be cruel and bloodthirsty, had scarcely assumed the command when he gave the signal for reprisals, by shooting at Pampeluna the Carlist officer, Don Juan Hugalde, although Zumalacarregui had offered to give a Christino officer and two sergeants in exchange for him. This was followed by numerous similar acts of cruelty, which at last were caused that Villareal, by order of Zumalacarregui, shot more than a hundred prisoners who had been taken a short time previously at a village near Vittoria. Fortunately, at that particular period, the prisoners on neither side were very numerous. In an action near Segura, Leopold O'Donnell, cousin of the present governor of the Havannah, and son of the well-known Count of Abisbal, fell into the hands of the Carlists, with four other officers and a number of rank and file. The five officers were shot, in retaliation for some recent execution of Carlist prisoners; but Zumalacarregui, willing to make another effort for the establishment of a more humane system spared the lives of the men, and ordered that seven amongst them who were wounded should be taken care of, and, when cured, sent back to Pampeluna. In return for this act of mercy, Quesada shot every prisoner he had, wounded or not. Amongst others, a Captain Bayona, who had received two desperate wounds, and was at the point of death, was dragged from his bed and shot on the public square of the village of Lacunza. Zumalacarregui might have repaid this atrocity by the slaughter of the Christino prisoners who were still in his power, but having promised them their lives, he would not recall his word.

A few days after this, four officers were made prisoners by Iturralde, who entered the town of Los Arcos with a battalion, and captured them before they had time to retreat to the fort. Quesada feeling very sure of the fate reserved for them, hit upon a stratagem by which he hoped to save their lives. He caused to be arrested at Pampeluna the parents of several Carlist officers of rank, shut them up in the citadel, and sent confessors to them. They were to be shot, he said, the very moment he should learn the death of the officers whom Iturralde had taken. The unfortunate captives begged permission to write to their sons and relatives in the Carlist army, and this request, which was what Quesada had reckoned upon, was granted. Those to whom the letters were sent presented themselves before Zumalacarregui in the most profound affliction, and implored him to show mercy to the four men on whose lives depended the existence of persons so dear to them. But Zumalacarregui, who saw at once that such a precedent would be in the highest degree dangerous,

inasmuch as most of the Carlists had friends and near relatives in the Christino country, was firm in his refusal. The officers were shot, but Quesada did not dare to incur the odium which reprisals of the nature he had threatened would have heaped upon his head. It was remarked also that he was greatly discouraged by the proof he on this occasion obtained of his opponent's firmness and energy, and of the unlimited authority and influence he enjoyed over those under his command. The shooting of prisoners of war continued without intermission till the Eliot convention took place.

The month of April had arrived without any one of the Carlist leaders having received a communication, either verbal or written, from the prince for whom they had now been six months under arms. At last, on the 11th of April, Zumalacarregui, who was then in the valley of the Berrueza, received the much wished-for letter from the hands of a native of Burgos, who, in the disguise of a muleteer, managed to reach his camp. In this letter, which was dated the 18th of March, 1834, Don Carlos declared that his "royal heart and soul were sweetly affected by the contemplation of the heroic efforts that were being made in the cause of religion and his legitimate rights." He promised to maintain the *fueros* of the provinces, approved all that had been done, and gave various and extensive powers to Zumalacarregui, whom he styled Mariscal de Campo of the royal armies. The enthusiasm which this document occasioned amongst the troops and the people of the provinces was so great, that Zumalacarregui declared it to be worth a reinforcement of twenty thousand men. It is probable also, although no express mention is made of it, that about or rather before this time, some small supplies of money had been received from the friends of Don Carlos in Spain, or other countries; for we find the junta of Navarre busied in providing new clothing for a part of the troops. The taxes levied in the districts in which the Carlists operated, and those duties on goods passing the frontier which they were able to collect, must at that period have been of very trifling amount, and insufficient to meet the expenses even of Zumalacarregui's small army.

During three months that Quesada had held the command, which he assumed with a force that he himself admitted to consist of 23,000 infantry, and 1400 horse, he had accomplished literally nothing. On the other hand, the Carlists had had several partial successes against himself and his subordinates; he had lost a vast number of men; and finally, at the action of Gulinas, near Pampeluna, Linares, one of his generals, was so ill-treated by Zumalacarregui, that all the carts and vehicles in Pampeluna, including the bishop's carriage, were insufficient to carry the wounded into the town. After this last disaster, the Spanish government resolved to give Quesada a successor; and General Rodil, who had just returned from his expedition into Portugal, upon which he had gone in the vain hope of seizing the person of Don Carlos, was ordered to repair to the northern provinces with the troops under his command. After being detained some days at Madrid by Queen Christina, who had a fancy to review the division, Rodil, whose activity was his best quality, continued his march, and soon reached the Ebro with ten thousand infantry, a proportionate number of cavalry, and a prodigious train of baggage and artillery. It is said that more than a thousand carts, and a still greater number of baggage animals, followed his army. Generals Cordova, Figueras, Carandolet, and others of note, formed part of his brilliant staff, and at Logrono he was joined by Lorenzo and Oraa with their divisions. The imposing force thus got together was sufficient, it might well have been thought, to crush, ten times over, the few companies of raw guerillas under Zumalacarregui's command.

The clash of arms and note of warlike preparation that now resounded along the right bank of the Ebro, crossed the stream, and penetrated into the valleys of Navarre. The eyes of the Carlists, both soldiers and civilians, were fixed upon their chief, who, far from trying to conceal the approaching danger, rather exaggerated its magnitude. There was nothing he dreaded more than that his followers should think he was trying to deceive them. That, he knew, would destroy their confidence in him. He issued a proclamation to the troops, in which, after talking of the formidable preparations of the enemy, he put a question to them. "Volunteers!" he said, "shall you quail at the sight of this numerous array?" When the officer who read the proclamation in front of the assembled Navarrese battalions came to this question, a unanimous "No!" unpremeditated and heartfelt, burst from the lips of every man present. Upon learning this indication of the temper of the troops, Zumalacarregui resolved upon a movement of unparalleled audacity. He had information that on the following day Lorenzo and Oraa were to leave Logrono for Pampeluna, followed twenty-four hours later by Rodil, with the troops he had brought from Portugal. Zumalacarregui determined to advance rapidly from the mountains amongst which he then found himself, and to fall upon Rodil's left flank, trusting that troops unaccustomed to that description of warfare would resist but feebly a sudden and unexpected attack. However this daring plan might have succeeded, it would certainly have been attempted, had not a totally unlooked-for, and, to the Carlists, a most important event occurred to prevent it.

At midnight, on the 11th of July, the Carlist troops were about to commence their march, when Legarra, the abbot of Lecumberri, suddenly appeared before Zumalacarregui, and placed in his hands a sealed letter of very small dimensions. The handwriting was unknown to the general, and the sole address consisting of the two words, "For Zumalacarregui," he asked Legarra, previously to opening the letter, whence and from whom it came. The sole information the abbot could give was that he had received it from the junta of Navarre, and had been desired to use all haste in its delivery. The general then opened and read the missive; and as he did so, all those who were present were able to note upon his countenance the great satisfaction with which the few words it contained inspired him. He immediately countermanded the march, ordered the horses to be unsaddled, and the troops to take up their quarters for the night.

The contents of the note which caused all these changes, were as follows:—
"Zumalacarregui: I am very near Spain, and to-morrow I trust by God's help to reach Urdax. Take the necessary measures, and communicate this to no one."
CARLOS."

In spite of this last injunction, Zumalacarregui, calculating that Don Carlos must by this time be on Spanish ground, could not refuse himself the pleasure of telling such good news to his personal friends. They repeated to others, and it soon became known throughout the camp, that the King was coming. At daybreak the next morning, Zumalacarregui set out, and at eleven at night reached the frontier town of Elizondo, where he found Don Carlos, who, tired with his journey, had already gone to bed, but, nevertheless, immediately received his faithful adherent. On the following day he had several conferences with Zumalacarregui on whom he conferred the rank of Lieutenant-general and Chief of his Staff. The same afternoon the bells were set ringing, and a *Te Deum* was sung for the happy arrival of the royal fugitive. It was attended by Don Carlos, Zumalacarregui, the Baron de los Valles, and various other notabilities.

His partisans as yet possessing no fortified town or stronghold in which he could remain with security, Don Carlos was compelled as soon as he arrived in Spain, to seek safety in constant change of place. Zumalacarregui, on the other hand, with Valdes and his formidable army menacing him on all sides, could spare but little time to play the courtier. After conducting Don Carlos through the valleys of Araquil, the Borunda, and the two Amezcuas, in all of which that prince was received, we are informed, with the most lively demonstrations of joy, he confided him to the care of General Erasó, who marched him off to the Basque provinces, to show him to the people, and keep him out of harm's way. The Christino government and generals had at first affected to disbelieve the arrival of Don Carlos, and had spread reports that a person who resembled him had been chosen by the Carlist leaders to personate the prince, and deceive the people. Soon, however, the fact was placed beyond a doubt; and Rodil, sending several of his generals to find Zumalacarregui, set out with twelve thousand men in pursuit of Don Carlos, who was then in this way with a retinue of only twelve persons. The small number of the Prince's attendants proved his best safeguard. The Christinos advanced, displaying a vast front, and confident of catching him; but favoured by the intricacies of the mountains, the extensive forests and deep barrancas of Biscay, having, moreover, the peasantry in his favour, and persons perfectly acquainted with the country for guides, Don Carlos had little difficulty in eluding pursuit. All Rodil's front and flank marches and countermarches served but to send a vast number of his men into the hospital, and to immortalize his name in that province by the devastations and incendiarism that the soldiery committed.

Whilst this was going on, Zumalacarregui was buzzing like an enraged hornet round the divisions of Oraa, Carandolet, Lorenzo, and other generals, cutting off outposts, surprising detachments, and doing them a vast deal of mischief, with little or no loss to his own troops. General Carandolet was particularly unfortunate; twice did Zumalacarregui surprise him; first in the pass of San Fausto, where his column was nearly destroyed; and a second time in the town of Viana, on the Ebro. On this last occasion the affair was decided by the Carlist cavalry, which for the first time had an opportunity of distinguishing itself. It consisted of 250 ill-equipped and undrilled lancers, at the head of which Zumalacarregui put himself, and charging the Christino horsemen, who were nearly twice as numerous, broke them and put them to flight.

It is unnecessary, and would be monotonous, to follow Zumalacarregui, step by step, through the summer campaign of 1834, which was a most important one for the cause he defended. With the increase of numerical force, which his successes, and the arrival of Don Carlos, brought to his standard, the lack of arms, money, and ammunition began to make themselves nearly as sensibly felt as at the commencement of the war. When Don Carlos arrived in Spain and formed a ministry, Zumalacarregui hoped and expected that the men composing the latter would possess some influence abroad, and would be able to procure assistance of various kinds. In this, however, he found himself mistaken; and, to make matters worse, he appears to have been already thwarted, in his plans and arrangements, by the persons about Don Carlos. The division of counsels, which subsequently ruined the Carlist cause, was already beginning to be felt.

At the arrival of Don Carlos, the army was composed entirely of volunteers, but a levy was now ordered of all the men capable of bearing arms. Zumalacarregui opposed this strenuously, but was finally compelled to give way, and four new battalions were formed, although there was scarcely a musket in store to give to them. By this ill advised measure, the agricultural interests of the country were materially compromised, and new and heavy charges imposed upon the military chest, for the maintenance of troops which, being unarmed, were of course useless. This was a source of great vexation to Zumalacarregui, who certainly had enough to do to make head against the enemy opposed to him, without being compelled at the same time to procure supplies, arms, and ammunition for his troops, and to attend, in great measure, to the administrative arrangements, which usually fall to the charge of the civil authorities. At the commencement of the war, fifty thousand cartridges were all he possessed, and those were soon consumed, as well as some that were taken from the Christinos. It was very difficult and costly to get powder from France, which could only be introduced in quantities of three or four pounds, or little more. Unable to support the delay and expense of this, Zumalacarregui established manufactories in secluded corners of Navarre and the Basque provinces; and then, with infinite risk, caused saltpetre to be brought from the very heart of Arragon, and subsequently from France. The powder that was at first produced was very weak and bad, and the manufacturers worked day and night till they found means of improving it. The rules introduced into the battalions, in order to economize this precious commodity, were singular enough. The soldiers were forbidden to load their muskets till the very moment of commencing an action; and then were only to fire when the enemy was very near and fully exposed. Even the guards and pickets, in view of the Christinos, had but a single musket loaded, which the sentinels passed from one to another when relieved. Zumalacarregui himself made frequent inspections of the men's ammunition, and would often stop soldiers whom he met in the street or on the road, to ascertain that they had not lost or wasted their cartridges.

The security of the Carlist army did not so much depend on the vigilance of outposts and advanced guards, as on the system of transmitting information that was established amongst the village alcaldes, and on the zeal and fidelity of the *confidentes* or spies. Without reckoning those persons who acted in the latter capacity in the vicinity of their own homes, Zumalacarregui always had about him eighteen or twenty regularly paid spies; and to these, even in the moments of his greatest poverty and difficulty, he showed himself liberal to prodigality. Notwithstanding that it was out of his power to recompense sufficiently the risks they ran, and the important services they rendered, these men performed their arduous duties with admirable fidelity. Zaratigui relates an anecdote of one of them who, having been guilty of some neglect, received, by order of Zumalacarregui, two hundred blows with a stick, and was then turned out of the camp. The evening of the same day on which this took place, when the general called as usual for his *confidentes*, the man who had been beaten made his appearance with the others. Although Zumalacarregui was acquainted with the characteristic fidelity of these men, he could not help being struck with this instance of it. His natural generosity of character prevented him from hesitating a moment in restoring his confidence to the offender. "Rest yourself to night," he said to him; "to-morrow you will have to go upon a service of the greatest importance, and which you alone are able to perform." And the man left the room, perfectly consoled for the pain and humiliation of his beating, by these few kind words, addressed to him in presence of his comrades.

Another anecdote will illustrate the affection of the Carlist soldiers for their leader, and their sympathy with his difficulties. The troops all wore *alparga-*

tas—a species of sandal, of which the sole is of plaited hemp. These are admirably adapted for long marches in dry weather, but the wet destroys them, and they go to pieces directly. Of these sandals, as of every other description of equipment, there was sometimes great difficulty in obtaining a sufficient supply. One day that it rained heavily, Zumalacarregui was going to pass, with several battalions, from the Ulzama to the valley of Ollo. The soil was clay, and there was sure to be a great destruction of the hempen shoes. Zumalacarregui, who at that time had no others wherewith to replace them, rode along the line of march, and spoke to a man here and there. "A peseta," said he, (about tenpence sterling,) "for every man who presents himself this evening with a sound pair of *alpargatas*." The word was passed from mouth to mouth; the soldiers understood the difficulty in which their general was, took off their shoes, and performed a long and toilsome march barefoot. The next day, when Zumalacarregui ordered the promised recompense to be distributed, the commandants of battalions said that it was unnecessary, for that none of the men claimed it.

About this time, Zumalacarregui made an expedition beyond the Ebro, with the view of carrying off a quantity of woollen cloth from the manufactories at Escaray. He was unsuccessful in the immediate object of the expedition; but, at a short distance from Logrono, he fell in with a convoy, escorted by two companies of infantry and three strong squadrons of dragoons. The latter charged the Carlist cavalry, which was of much inferior force, and threw it into complete disorder. Zumalacarregui, who was a short way behind, saw the disgraceful flight of his lancers, set spurs to his horse, came up with the fugitives, and rallied them. As soon as he had got together fifty men, he charged the Christinos, regardless of the great disparity of force. The charge took place on the high-road, where there was no room to form front by troops or squadrons. Six or eight Christino dragoons of gigantic stature, *tiradores* or pioneers as they were called, occupied the whole width of the road, whilst the convoy made all haste to gain the town. Zumalacarregui, with six of his men, attacked them, and scarcely had their lances crossed the Christino sabres, when the dragoons were all killed or wounded. The Carlists charged onwards; the whole of the Christino cavalry was cut to pieces or forced to run, and the convoy remained in the hands of the conquerors. It consisted of two thousand muskets, and came very opportunely to arm the four new battalions, which had been more than three months in idleness, waiting for weapons.

On the 27th and 28th of October, just one year after Zumalacarregui had taken command of the Carlist army, occurred the two famous actions in the plains of Vittoria, when General O'Doyle and two thousand Christinos fell into the hands of the victors, and nearly as many more were left dead upon the field. O'Doyle and some of the officers taken were shot; but the lives of the men were spared, and soon afterwards, at their own request, their arms were restored to them, and they were incorporated in the Carlist battalions. This, and other disasters, which about this time befell Rodil's army, occasioned his recall by the Queen's government, and the celebrated Mina was appointed in his stead.

The increase of Zumalacarregui's forces, and the advantages he had gained, inspired him with the idea of capturing some of the Christino forts in Navarre and the Basque provinces; the said forts being exceedingly prejudicial to his operations. The great obstacle to his wishes was, the weakness of his artillery. This consisted only of three small field-pieces, such as are carried on the backs of mules, and could be of little service in attacking fortifications. Of shot and shell he had a large supply, which had been taken at the manufactory of Orbaiceta. For seven or eight months these stores had been lying there neglected, none of the Queen's generals having had the foresight to remove them to a place of safety. Zumalacarregui now caused them to be taken away, and concealed in the most intricate recesses of the mountains. But these projectiles were of little use without guns; and to procure the latter the ingenuity of the Carlists was taxed to the very utmost. Zumalacarregui remembered that, upon a sandy spot on the Biscayan coast, an old iron twelve-pounder was lying neglected and forgotten. This he ordered to be brought to Navarre. A rude carriage was constructed, on which it was mounted, and it was then dragged by six pair of oxen over mountains, and through ravines, to the Sierra of Urbasa, where it was buried. Soldiers are very ingenious in inventing appropriate names; and as soon as the Carlist volunteers saw this unwieldy old-fashioned piece of ordnance, full of moss and sand, and covered with rust, they christened it the *Abuelo*, or the Grandfather, by which appellation it was ever afterwards known. The only artillery officer at that time with Zumalacarregui was Don Tomas Reina, who now, in conjunction with one Balda, a professor of chemistry, began to devise means for founding some guns. In the villages and hamlets within a certain circumference, a requisition was made for all articles composed of copper and brass, such as brasiers, stew-pans, chocolate pots, warming-pans, &c; but as it was found impossible to get sufficient of these, the three field-pieces were added, and the whole melted together. In the midst of a forest this strange foundry was established, and after numerous failures, occasioned by want of experience and of the proper tools, Reina succeeded in making a couple of howitzers, which, although of uncouth appearance, it was thought might answer the purpose for which they were intended.

Never were the Christinos more confident of a speedy termination to the war than when Mina took the command. The well earned reputation of that chief, his peculiar aptitude for mountain warfare, and intimate acquaintance with the country of Navarre, which had been the scene of his triumphs during the war against Napoleon, certainly pointed him out as the most fitting man to oppose to Zumalacarregui. Forgetting that similar hopes had been founded on the skill of Quesada and Rodil, and on the imposing forces they commanded, hopes which had been so signally frustrated, the Queen's partisans now set up a premature song of triumph, soon to be turned into notes of lamentation. The Mina of 1834, old and bed-ridden, with his energies, mental perhaps as well as physical, impaired by long inaction, was a very different man from the Mina of 1810. When fighting against the French, the sympathies of the Navarrese were with him; now they were against him, and in a war of this description, that difference was of immense importance. In spite of the wintry season and of the badness of his health, one of the first things he did on assuming the command was to make an excursion to Puente la Reyna, Manero, and other places, where, in days gone by, he had had his headquarters, and which he had then never entered without being greeted as a hero and patriot, and welcomed with enthusiastic *vivas*. He flattered himself that this enthusiasm would be again awakened by his appearance; and was so much the more shocked when he found himself received with the utmost coldness and indifference. His illness was aggravated by disappointment, and he returned angry and disgusted to Pampeluna. Thence, incapacitated by his infirmities from exerting himself in the field, he directed from his cabinet the operations of his lieutenants, and issued orders, the cruelty of some of which soon caused his name to be as much execrated in Navarre as it had there once been venerated. At no period of the

war was less mercy shown to each other by the contending parties than during Mina's command. Besides shooting all prisoners taken with arms in their hands, he caused the wounded whom he found in the Carlist hospitals to be slain upon their beds, and garroted or strangled a gentleman of Pampeluna, for no reason that could be discovered except that he had two sons with the Carlists. Several forts having about this time been taken or battered by Zumalacarréguí, Mina determined to get possession of the guns with which this had been done. He was aware of the difficulty the Carlists had in obtaining artillery; and knowing that it could not easily be transported from one place to another in that rugged and mountainous country, he conjectured that they were in the habit of burying it, which was actually the case. In order to obtain information as to the whereabouts of the mortars with which the enemy had been shelling Elizondo he decimated the male inhabitants of Lecaros, and then burnt the village itself to the ground. Such atrocities as these, far from advancing the cause of Queen Isabel, materially injured it, offering as they did a strong contrast with the conduct of Zumalacarréguí, who, at the taking of Los Arcos, Echarrí-Eranaz, and other places, had shown mercy, and even great kindness, to the wounded and prisoners he took. At last Mina having ventured out in person with a division of the troops, carried in a litter because he was too ill to sit on his horse, was signally beaten by Zumalacarréguí at a place called Siete Fuentes, or the Seven Fountains, and himself narrowly escaped being taken a prisoner. Soon after this disaster he was deprived of the command, having done nothing whilst he held it but lose men and forts, and exasperate the Navarrese peasantry to an unparalleled extent.

An attempt that was made about this time to assassinate Espartero, who then commanded a moveable column in Biscay, is thus narrated by General Zaratégui:—

"The constant passage of Espartero between Bilbao and Orduna, inspired a peasant, who occupied a farm-house near Luyando, with the idea of attempting that general's life. It was said that the man had been robbed or ill treated by the soldiers of Espartero's division; but it is quite as probable that the peasant fancied in his simplicity, that if he could kill the Christino general, the war and the evils it inflicted on his country would be at an end. Taking a large tree trunk, he fashioned it into a sort of cannon, fixed it at a spot where it commanded the high-road, and loaded it to the very mouth. The next time Espartero passed that way, the peasant watched his moment, set fire to the fuse of this singular piece of artillery, and then ran away. The Christino soldiers hurried to the spot whence the explosion had proceeded, and found the wooden cannon burst into fifty pieces. It was evidently the act of an individual; but nevertheless the unlucky village of Luyando, being the nearest to the scene of the event, was immediately set on fire. Out of the sixty houses composing it, more than one half were consumed; and if the others escaped, it was merely because the Christinos happened to want them at that moment for their own occupation."

Valdes was the last Christino general opposed to Zumalacarréguí. Being minister of war at the time of Mina's dismissal from the command, he ordered all the troops that could possibly be spared to march to Navarre, and himself followed to direct their operations. Upon his appearance the war assumed a more humane character; and soon after wards the arrival of the British commissioner, and his successful intervention, put an end to the system of reprisals, although after Zumalacarréguí's death it was again more than once resorted to by the most ferocious of the leaders on either side. In honour of Lord Eliot, Zumalacarréguí set at liberty the prisoners he had made in the recent action of the Amezcocoas, in which Valdes had been roughly handled. Lord Eliot having expressed a wish for an autograph of the Carlist leader, Zumalacarréguí took a pen and wrote, in Spanish, as follows:—

"At Asarta, a village of the valley of Berruza, celebrated for the various combats which have occurred there in the course of the present century, the honour of receiving his Excellency Lord Eliot was enjoyed, on the 25th April 1835, by Tomas Zumalacarréguí."

Colonel Gurwood made the Carlist chief a present of an excellent field glass, which had been used by the Duke of Wellington on some occasion during the Peninsular war. "This telescope was so esteemed by Zumalacarréguí," says his biographer, "that as long as he lived he always carried it with him; and at the present day, in spite of its trifling intrinsic value, it is treasured by his family as the most precious heirloom they possess."

The non-success of Valdes's expedition to the valleys of the Amezcocoas, and the fatigues and losses sustained there by his troops, had greatly discouraged the latter. On all sides the Carlists were obtaining advantages, and their adversaries began to entertain a panic terror of Zumalacarréguí, who availed himself of this discouragement and temporary inaction of the foe to attack several fortified places. Amongst others, the town of Trevino, situated between Vittoria and the Ebro, and at only three or four hours' march from the cantonments of Valdes's army, fell into the hands of the Carlists. Assembling thirteen battalions at the Venta of Armentia, Zumalacarréguí brought up his artillery, consisting of one cannon and one howitzer, with which in two days he forced the place to capitulate. Although Valdes, from where he was could hear the sound of the guns, he did not venture to show himself till the Carlists had destroyed the fortifications, and effected their retreat with prisoners and artillery.

It was after this successful expedition, and at what may be considered the most fortunate period of Zumalacarréguí's career, that Don Carlos conceived the idea of conferring a title on him. He caused this to be intimated to the general, and also that he was only waiting to know what title it would be the most agreeable to him to receive. "We will talk about it," replied Zumalacarréguí, "after entering Cadiz. As yet we are not safe even in the Pyrenees and a title of any kind would be but a step towards the ridiculous." It was not till eleven months after his death that Don Carlos issued a decree, making him grandee of Spain, by the titles of Duke of Victory and Count of Zumalacarréguí.

The garrisons of Estella and of various other fortified towns in the interior of Navarre and the Basque provinces, were now withdrawn by order of Valdes; other strong places were taken or capitulated, the garrisons remaining for the most part prisoners of war. Within two months after the Eliot convention, the Carlists had got 300 Christino officers and 2000 rank and file, prisoners in their various depots, without reckoning those who, on being captured, took up arms for Don Carlos. To exchange against these, the Queen's generals had not a single prisoner. About this time Espartero was beaten at Descarga by Eraso; whilst Oraa met the same fate in the valley of the Baztan at the hands of Sagastibelza. Jauregui abandoned Tolosa, leaving behind him a quantity of ammunition and stores, and shut himself up in St. Sebastian.

The intrigues and manoeuvres of certain individuals who surrounded Don Carlos, pandered to his weaknesses, and worked upon his superstitious bigotry, began to occasion Zumalacarréguí serious annoyance, and to interfere in some

instances with his plans. During a short visit to Segura, where the Carlist court then was, he experienced much disgust and vexation. His health, moreover, began to fail him; and a week later, from the town of Vergara, which he had just taken, with its garrison of 2000 men, he sent in his resignation. The following day Don Carlos himself came to Vergara, and had a short conference with Zumalacarréguí, after which the latter marched upon Durango and Ochandiano, towns on the Bilbao road, and took the latter, whilst the former was abandoned by its garrison. It was now his wish to attack Vittoria, which was now the nearest large town, and the easiest to take; but just at this time, Don Carlos, it appears, had been disappointed of a loan, and his flatterers and advisers had been consoling him for it, by holding out a prospect of taking Bilbao, which opulent commercial city contained, they said, enough riches to get him out of all his difficulties. Zumalacarréguí opposed this plan, but his deference for Don Carlos finally caused him to yield; and with a heavy heart, and a train of artillery totally inadequate to the reduction of so strong a town, he sat down before Bilbao. Two twelve-pounders and one six-pounder, two brass fours, two howitzers and a mortar, were all that he had to oppose to the strong defences and forty or fifty guns with which the capital of Biscay was provided. There was also a great lack of certain descriptions of ammunition. For the mortar there were only six-and-thirty shells; and to add to the misfortunes of the attacking party, their two largest guns, the twelve-pounders, burst on the very first day of the siege. During the whole of that day and night, Zumalacarréguí neither ate nor slept; and on the morrow, which was the 15th of June, he wrote a letter to the headquarters of Don Carlos, then at Durango, informing the ministers, that owing to the immense disproportion between his means of attack and the enemy's powers of defence, he expected it would be necessary to raise the siege.

After sending off this despatch, a great weight seemed removed from the mind of Zumalacarréguí, and he went down to the batteries. With the view of observing whether the Bilbainos had made any repairs or thrown up works in the course of the night, he ascended to the first floor of a house situated near the sanctuary of Our Lady of Begona, and from the balcony began to examine the enemy's line. Whilst standing there, a bullet struck him on the right leg, about two inches from the knee. Nine days afterwards he was dead—killed, there can be little doubt, less by the wound or its effects than by the gross ignorance of his medical attendants. Three Spanish doctors, a young English surgeon, and a curandero, or quack, named Petriquillo, whom Zumalacarréguí had known from his youth, and in whose skill he had great confidence, were called in. The Englishman, however, returned after two days to the squadron to which he was attached, giving as his opinion, which agreed with that of Don Carlos's own surgeon, one Gelos, that in a fortnight Zumalacarréguí would be on horseback again. Whilst Petriquillo was applying ointments and frictions, and a doctor of medicine cramming the patient with drugs, Gelos and another surgeon kept tormenting the wound with their probes. The wounded man's general health, already affected by the various annoyances he had recently experienced, began to give way: and at last, within three or four hours after the extraction of the ball, an operation that appears to have been performed in the most butcherlike manner, Zumalacarréguí breathed his last. He was forty-six years of age, and left a wife and three daughters. All his worldly possessions consisted of three horses and a mule, some arms, the telescope given him by Colonel Gorwood, and fourteen ounces of gold.

If that weak and incapable prince, Don Carlos de Borbon had allowed Zumalacarréguí to follow up his own plans of campaign, instead of dictating to him unfeasible ones, there can be little doubt that in less than another year he would have entered Madrid. The immense importance of the prestige attached to a general is well known. That of Zumalacarréguí was fully established, both with his own men and the Queen's troops. The latter trembled at his very name; the former, at his command, were ready to attack ten times their number.

"Are there only two battalions yonder?" enquired Captain Henningsen of a Carlist soldier, pointing to a position which was menaced by a large body of the enemy. "That is all, Señor," was the reply; "but the general is there." The man was as confident of the safety of the position as though there had been twenty battalions instead of two. And such was the feeling throughout the Carlist army.

The only one of the Carlist or Christino leaders who united all the qualities essential to success was Zumalacarréguí. Some were honest, a few were perhaps good tacticians, others were not deficient in energy, but none were all three. The Christino generals were generally conspicuous for their indecision, and for their want of zeal for the cause they defended. Many of them would have been sorry to see an end put to a war which gave them occupation, rapid promotion, decorations, titles, and money. When Zumalacarréguí began his campaign with a handful of men, no one could catch him; when he got stronger and showed fight, no one could stand against him. As soon as he died, his system of warfare was abandoned, and victory ceased to be faithful to the Carlist standard. The battle of Mendigorria, which occurred within a month after his death, and in which the Carlists were signally defeated by Cordova, taught the former that their previous successes had been owing at least as much to their general's skill as to their own invincibility.

The most salient points in Zumalacarréguí's character were his generosity and energy. The former was carried almost to an excess. He could not see persons in want without relieving them; and as his sole income whilst commanding the Carlist army consisted of 2500 reals, or twenty five pounds sterling, a month, which he took for his pay, he frequently found himself without a maravedi in his pocket. It is related of him, amongst many other anecdotes of the same kind, that once in winter, the weather being very cold, he had ordered a coat, having only one, and that much worn. The tailor had just brought it home and been paid for it, when Zumalacarréguí, happening to look out of the window, saw one of his officers passing in a very ragged condition. He called him up, made him try on his new coat, and finding that it fitted him, sent him away with it, himself remaining in the same state as before.

For the charges of cruelty of disposition which have been brought against Zumalacarréguí, we are inclined to believe there was very insufficient ground. He was a severe disciplinarian, shot his own men when they deserved it, and his prisoners when the Christinos set him the example; but if he had not done so he had better have sheathed his sword at once, and left Don Carlos to fight his own battles, in which case they would very soon have been over. His present biographer, who writes coolly and dispassionately, and appears as sparing of indiscriminate praise of his friends as of exaggerated blame of his foes, gives numerous instances of Zumalacarréguí's goodness of heart and humane feeling. Of a bilious habit and a hasty temper, he could ill bear contradiction, and at times would say or do things for which he was afterwards sorry. In such cases he was not ashamed to acknowledge, and if possible repair, his fault.

The death of Zumalacarréguí was the subject of unbounded exultation to

the Christinos; and for long afterwards there might be seen upon the walls of their towns and villages the remains of a proclamation announcing it, and predicting a speedy annihilation of the faction. Although this prophecy was not made good, and the war was protracted for upwards of four years longer, it soon became evident that the loss sustained was irreparable, and that the hopes of Carlism in the Peninsula lay buried in the grave of Tomas Zumalacarrgui.

Latest Intelligence.

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

The Imperial Parliament was prorogued, on Saturday, the 9th instant, with the usual ceremonies, by her Majesty in person. Her Majesty, in a clear and distinct tone, read the following speech:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I rejoice that the state of public business enables me to release you from further attendance in Parliament.

"In closing this laborious session, I must express to you my warm acknowledgments for the zeal and assiduity with which you have applied yourselves to the consideration of many subjects deeply affecting the public welfare.

"I have given my cordial assent to the bills which you presented to me for remitting the duties on many articles of import, and for removing restrictions on the free application of capital and skill to certain branches of our manufactures.

"The reduction of taxation will necessarily cause an immediate loss of revenue, but I trust that its effect in stimulating commercial enterprise, and enlarging the means of consumption, will ultimately provide an ample compensation for any temporary sacrifice.

"I have witnessed with peculiar satisfaction the unremitting attention which you have bestowed on the measures recommended by me to your consideration at the commencement of the session, for improving and extending the means of academical education in Ireland.

"You may rely upon my determination to carry those measures into execution in the manner best calculated to inspire confidence in the institutions which have received your sanction, and to give effect to your earnest desire to promote the welfare of that part of my dominions.

"From all foreign powers I continue to receive assurances of their friendly disposition towards this country.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"The convention which I have recently concluded with the King of the French for the more effectual suppression of the slave trade will, I trust, by establishing a cordial and active co-operation between the two powers, afford a better prospect than has hitherto existed of complete success in the attainment of an object for which this country has made so many sacrifices.

"I thank you for the liberality with which you have voted the supplies for the service of the current year.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"On your return to your several counties, duties will devolve scarcely less important than those from the performance of which I now relieve you.

"I feel assured that you will promote and confirm, by your influence and example, that spirit of loyalty and contentment which you will find generally prevalent throughout the country.

"In the discharge of all the functions intrusted to you for the public welfare, you may confidently rely on my cordial support; and I implore the blessing of Divine Providence on our united efforts to encourage the industry and increase the comforts of my people, and to inculcate those religious and moral principles which are the surest foundation of our security and happiness."

The LORD CHANCELLOR.—It is her Majesty's royal will and pleasure that the present Parliament be prorogued to Thursday, the 2d of October next; and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Thursday, the 5d of October next.

Her Majesty then rose from the throne, and the royal procession left the House in the same manner in which it entered.

Her Majesty left the House of Lords at half-past two o'clock. The procession returned in the same order in which it quitted Buckingham Palace.

Her Majesty looked in excellent health, as also did Prince Albert. Her Majesty wore a splendid tiara of diamonds on her head, a brilliant necklace and stomacher, and a dress of white satin. Altogether, the scene within the House was of a most imposing description.

REVIEW OF THE SESSION—STATE OF PARTIES

From the London Spectator.

The session of 1845 can now be judged as a whole. Regarding the promises with which it opened, it cannot be said to have disappointed expectation; on the contrary, though larger promises dawned as it advanced, and sank in disappointment towards the close, and although the session was not one of great positive activity on specific objects, it may be considered to have worked out some useful problems, and to have effected its full share in the advancement of opinion formally recorded. It opened with a remarkable quiet continued in Parliament up to Easter; and although the fervour of legislation, stimulated by the railway-speculators, and party feeling roused by the mere mechanical force of action, imparted some air of greater warmth to the latter half of the session, the quiet has really continued almost unbroken. The campaign began with a very moderate display of promises in the Queen's Speech; and they have generally been fulfilled. They were—increased Navy estimates, measures for improving and extending academical education in Ireland, for improving the health of large towns, and for discontinuing the Income-tax or reducing other taxes. All those propositions have been consummated, except the one to improve the health of towns; which has been made, but stands over till next session. The Income-tax remains; but the alternative reduction was adopted, to the further simplification of the Tariff.

The reduction of duties on Colonial and Free-labour Foreign Sugars has been followed by considerable increase of sales to the grower, and diminution of price to the consumer; but, practically, the measure has been stretched into a new one, by the unavoidable reduction of duty on some slave-grown sugar, under "the most favoured nation clause" in treaties with slave-owning countries. The alterations of the Tariff work so far well. The Maynooth grant is slowly influencing the Irish mind. The College Bill starts with a damning sense of its imperfections: it will begin to take effect when completed by the establishment of a central University. The Scotch Poor-law is an instalment that whets, not satisfies, the demand. The Medical Reform, preferring particular to general interests, is cursed with an evident incapacity for struggling into existence.

There has been comparatively less of mere party hindrance to obstruct the Ministerial measures this session; and the cause of the large list of projects frustrated or delayed must be sought in a fault common to all Governments,

our day at least—the defective preparation of their work. Lord John Russell says, in extenuation, that the amount of official and legislative work is too oppressive: a good reason, not for consenting to go on doing it badly, but for altering the plan of working.

Such are the principal acts of Parliament in the six months. We have next to glance at the position of the several parties into which it is divided, now so numerous. All parties exhibit signs of being weakened—more by some inherent decay than by the strength of opponents. The fact appears to be, that no single party has fully kept pace with public opinion; which, again, is itself unsettled and dissipated by different objects. The result upon the several parties and sections is, that none dares to appeal to the power whence it must after all derive real sustenance, but strives to rub on by keeping up a semblance of intelligence with the public and a boast of strength which it dares not bring to a full test by bold and decisive deeds, lest the deeds should be disavowed. The difference lies in the degree to which each party is in discredit.

The most so, perhaps, is the old Ultra-Tory party; whose prejudices have gone out of practice, whose tricks of government have failed, whose battered arguments no one has remembered to patch up with new pieces. Of this party, the Pietists who swear by Church and State are reduced to a band of gentlemen so few in number as to throw an air of ridicule on their devoted resistance to every relaxation in the ancient code of intolerance; ridicule being the most dangerous of all influences for political parties to encounter. The Agricultural Protectionists are nearly in the same predicament; and when Mr. Miles or Mr. Banks made a peremptory demand that their interests should be "considered," the overwhelming majority against them showed how little consideration survives for the "kill-their-own-mutton-country-gentlemen," who have forgotten to read up their political economy, and to disguise their exclusive projects in free trade "principles."

The Whigs began the session, in the person of Lord John Russell, by cavilling, with glances at the Whig Budget of 1841, otherwise forgotten; they end the session, still in Lord John, by cavilling: the whole burden of their song is, that if Ministers are praised for doing something, the Whigs could have done it better. It was obvious that they began the session without a plan or a policy; they went on without either; they finish without either, except that some notions dawn upon them simply of outdoing the Tories. Thus, while Lord John, in his retrospect of the session, sneers at Sir Robert Peel because his principles of "protection" have grown "fine by degrees and beautifully less," his own "fixed duty" has grown equally evanescent: he now talks of it in the abstract, without naming any sum, so that it has dwindled from 8s. to 0s.; while he is evidently drifting towards Mr. Villiers's position of total repeal.

Lord Palmerston has been the other active Whig; and he has made many nibbles at the right of search, the new convention with France, and other foreign matters—without result. But the Viscount's manner has been very strange: in his efforts to damage this Administration, he has not scrupled to make assertions, respecting the defenceless state of the country, which are atrocious if false, most rash and culpable if true. So reckless a talker cannot expect a return to office with its responsibilities: he speaks like a desperate man, hopeless of ever regaining power, and conscious of some special exclusion; nay, it might almost be supposed that he felt a spite against the country for neglecting him and his pretensions, and wished to injure it in the struggle to maintain its station in the world. The French journalists read his allegations somewhat after that fashion; and the *Presse* says that he has "established the fact that France may grapple with her ancient rival on her own soil." He has courted invasion!

To these mouthpieces of faction, Lord Melbourne's speech, delivered this week in Fishmongers Hall instead of Parliament, is a severe rebuke, with its calm and impartial glance at Sir Robert Peel's practical measures.

The great Whig deed of the session was the motion of Lord John Russell's resolutions; which purported to be about the state of the working classes, but really were about the merits of the Whig as compared with the Conservative Ministers. There was no popular response to the claptrap; the hurrah was confined to a few Whig journals. The ungrateful people were quietly working for themselves, negotiating with their employers for a practical shortening of time without Parliamentary intervention, and for higher wages, and, with the help of the last good harvest and prosperity—better coadjutors than any statesmen of them all—they succeeded. For all the Whigs did, the people might have remained where they were in 1841; not a very desirable situation.

The Free-traders have done nothing very striking. Mr. Cobden made a good move, for inquiry into the operation of protection on farmers; Mr. Ward made his annual demand for inquiry into the "special burdens" on land; Mr. Villiers, for total abolition of the Corn-laws: some excellent speeches were delivered, and on the whole no ground was lost; but the good harvest and the ease of prosperity were against any effective action on the Corn-laws in Parliament. The best advance was made by the pleasant holiday-making style of practical disquisition out of doors, in the Free Trade Bazaar, and by Sir Robert Peel's quiet, cautious process of undermining "with quasi" Protectionist admissions and sweeping inroads on the outposts—the lesser duties in the Tariff.

The Irish Members have found how much attention had been paid to Ireland, how little obtained by themselves. If they have attracted more notice in Conciliation Hall, and have done their work more effectually there, the reason is not altogether that the manoeuvre was the most skilful, but partly, it may be inferred, because many of them are best adapted for shining in the provincial and unlicensed assembly. If they had known their opportunity better, they would have seen that, however agitation in Ireland might have extorted some of these late concessions, the attendance in Parliament to urge the practical results and improve the details would have furthered the real interests of Ireland. Perhaps, however, it might not have furthered the immediate interests of Irish Members—traders on their country's wrongs.

One other party who ought not to be forgotten—Lord Brougham; copious in his legislation, universal in his activity, terrible in his hostile vigilance over railways. The House of Peers is said to have dwindled down to be the House of Lords, Lyndhurst, Brougham, and Campbell; and as he is the most active partner,—acting for both sides, against both sides, and by himself,—it is really little more, as a substantive body, than the House of Brougham. The Three Estates now are Queen, Brougham, and Commons.

Amid all this inertness of large public elements, all this conflict of party and sectional interests, the position of Ministers has been seriously affected. Its personnel has been altered. Lord Eliot had left it just before the session opened; so did Mr. Gladstone, on a punctilio; Lord Stanley was transferred to the Upper House, as if wanted there and not wanted in the Commons; there was some shifting among the Freemantles, the Sidney Herberts, and others of the second and lower ranks; and some of the subordinates have resigned in disgrace. In the person of leading members the Cabinet has incurred discredit.

Sir James Graham obstinately dabbled in scandal, in the affair of Mr. Mazzini. Lord Aberdeen had to bear the brunt in the awkward affair of the brothers Bandiera, and, more recently, in the different kind of disagreeable work, the task of rebuffing Spain's advances towards free trade with diplomatic technicalities. Lord Stanley has exhibited himself as a greatly deteriorated speaker in the House of Peers, and as an incompetent statesman in his own department. The Duke of Wellington has become a mere utterer of remarks, often judicious, sometimes otherwise. But, after all, the Government is Sir Robert Peel; and his position determines its whereabouts.

Peel has both gained and lost strength. By the mere perseverance of his policy, he has gained adherents among those who opposed him: the slow thinkers of the middle-classes have begun to understand him, and, having come round to agree with those who counted him the best man to be had under the circumstances, are now disposed to regard him as the best man possible,—a final statesman, not to be questioned, whose bit-by-bit policy realizes the slow natural progress of ages; and of profane zealots in the new faith have gone so far as to adopt the cry of "Peel and Providence." On the other hand, his liberalized career is viewed by a considerable portion of his original party adherents with increasing disgust; and he has had need of all the prestige attaching to his personal influence and ability in order to maintain his ground. Yet, in the wish to stave off some good projects not included in his own programme, though strictly suited to it, he has consented to use for the occasion pretexts of so low a standard as to reflect a damaging discredit on the utterer. Of that kind were the paltry arguments with which, after advocating the absence of sectarian distinctions in Ireland, he resisted Mr. Rotherford in abolishing religious tests in Scotland.

The pretext too for opposing Mr. Hutt's demand to admit corn from Australia on the same terms as from Canada, were of a still baser metal—the dread of competition from foreign corn imported into Canada, and hence into this country by a second voyage across the ocean! These are not trifles, but grievous disparagements to the Minister's repute for ability; not merely inconsistencies, but *maliseries*; not merely violations of principle, but violation of the principle of his hold on office—the practical common sense recognized by all the world. Sir Robert Peel is maintained in office by the general belief that he is the statesman aptest to learn what it is that all men of the world are agreed, at any one moment, must now be done, and ready to act on that knowledge: and when he borrows pretexts which are puerile and silly, he points out flaws in his own lease of power.

Perhaps the session has developed a yet more serious defect in his capacity as a statesman—the want of power over his colleagues. It may be doubted whether he has in any eminent degree the faculty of estimating the import and value of an individual as a colleague. There is a glaring lack of mark and ability in some of the second officers in most important departments. Even in the higher offices, he shows a want of tact in selecting, subduing, and commanding men. Symptoms of disagreement among the members of his Cabinet peep out too often. He himself exhibits aspirations utterly at variance with those of his lieutenant in no less important a post than the Secretaryship of State for the Colonies; yet he seems unable to command fulfilment of his own purpose. When Lord Stanley was hurrying New Zealand to ruin and his Administration to irretrievable disgrace, the Premier should peremptorily have arrested his errant colleague: he should have said, "This is an unstatesmanlike position—you must retreat from it, or withdraw from the Cabinet"; and should thus have enforced his own wiser view. But no; Lord Stanley was left alone in his wrongheadedness, till he got committed and identified with a course of error, and the mischief became irreparable. Even if the Premier deems it a point of honour to uphold his colleagues at all risks, his utter abstinence from timely intervention in each department is not friendly to them: he suffers them to drag upon themselves disgraces from which he might save them, while serving public interests. Perhaps it was, in the particular instance, thought that indulgence was due to the Steward of Goodwood Races for relinquishing, as Sir Robert said not a quarter of a century ago, "the pleasures of youth"—something to the Derby branch of the house of Stanley, which lent its *quasi* regal and traditional influence to grace the Cabinet: but the Premier might have been as independent of such support as he was of the ducal countenance of Buckingham or Richmond. Probably he attaches too much weight to mere knack in debating, as men are apt to overvalue the importance of those things in which either their own forte or their own foible lies. A skilled debater himself, Sir Robert Peel thinks too much that all is settled by a mere show of victory, for the moment, in a "discussion" or a division. In consequence, he retains a bad colleague, and is betrayed into a false position.

These mischances and mistakes have done something to shake the popular faith, that, among available statesmen, Sir Robert Peel is the best for the day. They will not prevent the future historian from perceiving, that, while his power was somewhat on the decline, he vindicated, in his assertion of opinion, that acuter, bolder, and more liberal policy, which has distinguished his riper years, and has made him one of the most efficient agents in bringing the average public opinion of the country to its present advanced stage.

VISIT OF THE QUEEN TO GERMANY.

The Queen and her husband, two or three hours after the prorogation of Parliament, embarked for Germany. The royal cortege left Buckingham Palace shortly after four o'clock, and shortly before five were at the dock yard at Woolwich. The national anthem, the roaring of the cannon, and the shouts of the people welcomed the royal party. The Queen, who was attired in a dress of purple shot silk, a black satin mantle, and straw cottage bonnet trimmed with striped blue ribbon, looked extremely well, and was conducted to her barge by the Earl of Haddington, Lord Aberdeen, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Lord Steward, and accompanied by Prince Albert, the Earl of Aberdeen, and Lady Canning and the Countess of Gainsborough, ladies in waiting. Sir Francis Collier had the honour of steering her Majesty. In a few minutes they were along side the royal yacht; every spot which could command a view of her embarkation being crowded with well dressed people, who cheered, waved their handkerchiefs, and made other demonstrations of enthusiasm. The Black Eagle and the Porcupine followed in the wake of the royal yacht. As they proceeded down the river, which was very crowded with every description of craft, the reception was warm, and frequently uproarious.

The following amusing incident occurred previously to the arrival of her Majesty at Woolwich dock yard:—At half past three o'clock the gates of the dockyard were thrown widely open, and a cabriolet came thundering down the carriage-drive, which was hailed with a buzz of expectation by the assembled multitude, and, the moment it stopped a gentleman with a blue bag stepped lightly from the vehicle, and approached the water's edge with so much of the *air distingué* as to impress the bystanders with an idea that he was a continen-

tal prince, or, at the very least, a foreign field-marshal. The royal barge was immediately hailed, and, the "illustrious foreigner" having gone on board, the illusion of his consequence was dispelled from the minds his inquirers by the blunt answer of a subordinate, that it was only a Mr. Isidore, her Majesty's barber.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert landed at Antwerp on Monday morning at seven o'clock, having passed the night on board the steamer, which arrived at half past six o'clock. The weather during the voyage was most unpropitious. A strong wind from the south west, with occasional squalls accompanied with rain, marked the progress of the yacht on her passage from the Thames to the Scheldt; notwithstanding which, however, she made rapid way, so much so that her consorts, the Black Eagle and Porcupine, were unable to keep up with her, especially the Porcupine.

As soon as the royal yacht came to anchor, Baron D'Arnim, Sir H. Seymour, Count de Hane de Steennuyse, charged with the compliments of the King of the Belgians to the Queen and Prince Albert, went on board and had interviews with her Majesty. The authorities of the city and commandant of the port also went on board to receive Her Majesty's commands. The yacht was hauled alongside the quay, and a few minutes before seven her Majesty and Prince Albert disembarked. Notwithstanding the early hour at which the Queen landed, and the very unfavourable state of the weather at the time, there was a vast number of spectators assembled on the quays to witness the disembarkation. A detachment of infantry, consisting of the Grenadiers of the 3d regiment, formed the guard of honour to receive her Majesty. Upon the landing of the royal party the troops presented arms and the band played "God save the Queen."

The royal party got into the railway carriages and immediately proceeded on towards Malines, where they were received by the King and Queen of the Belgians. After an interchange of cordial and affectionate greeting, their majesties entered, and took their seats in the same carriage. The train then proceeded on its way to Aix-la-Chapelle, where the King of Prussia was in attendance to receive the royal party.

CHINESE CURIOSITIES.—It is reported that the agent of Mr. Barnum, London, has purchased the Chinese Collection belonging to Mr. Dunn, and that he intends adding it immediately to his Museum in New York.

CHINESE RANSOM MONEY.—A fresh instalment of the Chinese ransom-money, which was brought to England by the Cambrian, arrived in London on the 4th inst. The whole of the ransom, consisting of 2,000,000 dollars, was deposited in 500 boxes, and weighed about 62 hundred weight. There is another portion of Sycee silver expected, which will be the last of the ransom.

THE LATE FIRES AT QUEBEC: ISSUE OF ROYAL LETTERS.—The Queen has been graciously pleased to issue her royal letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury and York, authorizing them to promote within their respective provinces contributions in aid of the fund now raising in this country for the sufferers by the late calamitous fires at Quebec.

MR. EVERETT.—Mr. Everett, who has for a considerable time past filled the post of American Minister at the British Court is on the point of taking his departure for the United States, on the termination of his mission to this country; and the Hon. Gentleman having made a request that orders may be given for the free shipment, and without examination, of his effects on board a vessel bound for Boston, the Lords of the Treasury have given directions to the revenue authorities to show Mr. Everett the respect usually given to persons of his rank in the examination of his private baggage and effects on his departure from this country.

PORTO RICO SUGAR.—An attempt was made to dispose of a cargo of slave-grown Sugar, from the Spanish colony of Porto Rico, at Liverpool, on the 14th instant. The cargo consisted of 175 hhds. 41 tierces and 114 barrels, ex Grasshopper. The highest bid for the first lot of hhds. was 24s.—they were withdrawn; for the tierces 25s. 9d. was bid, but they were also withdrawn; one lot only of the barrels was sold at 24s. 6d., but for the others no more than 23s. was offered, and they too, were withdrawn. Much disappointment was felt by the importers, as it was said that the last transactions in London were at 24s. to 26. in bond, and that two cargoes had been sold there, to be delivered in the Mediterranean, at 26.

Mr. James Watson, the Magistrate who took an active part in renewing the Orange demonstrations, has been removed from the Commission of the Peace, as well as from his office as Deputy-Lieutenant.

DISMISSAL OF A REPEAL MAGISTRATE.—Jas. Power, Esq., M. P., has been superseded by the Lord Chancellor in the commission of the peace for the county of Wexford. The cause assigned is said to be his having attended the recent repeal demonstrations and dinner at Wexford.

Dr. Murray, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, has addressed a long letter to Mr. O'Connell, to correct a misapprehension, into which it is assumed he must have been betrayed by some inaccurate report of Sir James Graham's speech on the 18th July. Sir James was represented to say that the Roman Catholic Commissioners under the Charitable Bequest Act had declared that act to be at variance with the canons of their Church; at which declaration Mr. O'Connell exclaimed—"Oh! I feel my heart at ease and my mind tranquil." Dr. Murray feels "inexpressible pain" at being obliged to contradict before the public any assertion that Mr. O'Connell may think it right to make, and at being unable to communicate "ease and tranquillity" to a heart so glowing with love of religion; but Mr. O'Connell's error is calculated to cast a grievous censure upon characters which he would be most unwilling to defame.

Switzerland is in a most agitated state, notwithstanding public order is, generally speaking, established and maintained. The exasperation that exists between the religious and the radical party is most intense, and there seems every probability that nothing less than fighting it out will put an end to it.

With respect to the suicide or assassination of M. Leu, nothing has been discovered. His own party still declare that he was murdered, whilst his opponents persist in asseverating that he committed suicide. It is passing strange that the matter cannot be cleared up one way or the other.

Cosio, the celebrated sculptor, has just departed this life, deeply regretted. He was certainly one of the most eminent sculptors of our times. His works occupy a foremost place in the public and private galleries of this country. He first became known in the time of Napoleon, and executed several important works for the *grand homme*.

From Africa the news is of the usual character—crops have been destroyed, flocks seized, tribes but to flight; but Abde-el-Kader is as far from being taken, and Algiers as far from being tranquilized, as they were fifteen years ago.

Fenimore Cooper's latest novel "Satanstoe" is translated into French, and is being published by daily fragments in the *Constitutionnel*. It has also been reprinted in English.

SURGERY AND SCIENCE.—ABERNETHY AND

FARADAY.—BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

Amongst my earliest recollections of celebrated medical men, are those of the well known and eccentric Mr. Abernethy. I saw him on two occasions only, and what occurred may, perhaps, be not altogether uninteresting in the narration.

The first time I saw him, was when I accompanied a lady and her daughter to Mr. Abernethy's house, which was situated in London, on Bedford Place, or Row, I forget exactly which. The young lady exhibited certain symptoms, which made her friends dread that curse of the English climate, consumption; and, although the family medical attendants had pledged his reputation that their alarm was groundless, nothing but the opinion of so eminent a man as Abernethy could allay their fears. As the parties were relatives of mine, I gladly embraced the opportunity of accompanying them to the celebrated surgeon's house.

When we arrived there it was about ten o'clock in the morning; in front of his door, and along nearly the whole length of the street, was a line of carriages, waiting for the patients whom they had dropped at the doctor's. Following the numerous persons who were entering the front door, we passed into the hall, and were shown, by a servant out of livery, into a large room, which was nearly filled with persons, who were suffering either from real or imaginary diseases—the latter, I suspect, constituting the majority, for every one who felt a pain beneath the shoulder blade, or an uneasy sensation in the side, or whose skin exhibited the slightest possible shade of yellow, took it into their heads that they were afflicted with liver complaints, (for the liver was a very fashionable organ, and its functions very aristocratical in their nature, about that time,) and ran off, post-haste, from all parts of the three kingdoms, to Mr. Abernethy, who was supposed to exercise a peculiar and exclusive privilege, with regard to the hepatic portion of the animal economy—a supposition at which no one was more amused than the singular practitioner himself.

Every now and then a door, opposite to that by which we had entered, was opened by another servant, who called on the patient whose turn came next, to follow him into the presence. As there were some thirty patients before my friend, on the list, we had a long time to wait, during which period, sundry diseased acquaintances were made between unfortunates, and divers stories of melancholy interest related. Most of the patients had made up their minds to visit Mr. Abernethy, as a last resource; and it was really astonishing after what they confessed to have taken, in the quack medicine line, that they ever enjoyed the opportunity of not trying one more chance. I noticed one remarkable circumstance—it was this—whenever one of the patients described a particular symptom, there were at least a dozen who had just the same; and not one, who, if they were not similarly afflicted themselves, but had a particular friend who was. Then there were various stories of different doctors who had been consulted, and the professional character of some of them was pretty freely discussed. Mr. B—was no better than a butcher—not a bit; and if so and so had taken another bottle of Mr. G—'s medicine, it would have been all up with him. Besides these half-confidential disclosures, there were interesting expositions of domestic medical doctrines, and Buchan appeared to have been pretty generally consulted. Many of the patients, however, looked wretched enough—there were young girls, with hectic flushes on marble cheeks, their large dark eyes and black eyebrows contrasting painfully with their pure and polished foreheads. And then, every minute or two, a white handkerchief would be put up to the mouth, and a half smothered, hacking cough would sound, as from that sepulchre of hope—a cavernous lung. It was wretched to look at them—hopeful as they were, as consumptives usually are—for their doom was sealed. There was, too, one of the most beautiful looking women I ever saw, in the room, and who would have been singled out, in consequence of her attractions, from amongst a crowd in any drawing room in London, or, indeed, any where else. Few casual gazers would have noticed that any thing ailed her but one who observed as well as saw, might notice the peculiar appearance of the eye, the sharpened and somewhat shrunken cartilage of the nose, the thin, bluish under lip, which the upper front teeth were continually grinding, as if in suppressed agony. All these appearances told but too plainly that the most fearful complaint to which a woman is subject—cancer—was burying its roots deep in her frame, and intertwining its deadly fibres with the springs of life, which soon they would destroy. But why should I dwell on such themes. Let me hurry on to my more immediate subject.

At last my friend's turn came, and following the ladies or being about to follow them, the footman repulsed me and refused me admittance, much to my mortification, for I had accompanied the ladies merely for the purpose of seeing the great man. A word or two from the elder lady, to the effect that she "wished Mr. Abernethy to see me," (leave women alone for managing these things,) set all to rights, and I effected the much desired *entree*.

We were ushered into a large room, the walls of which were covered with books, from floor to ceiling. In the centre of the apartment was a table, covered with green baize, on which was a writing-desk. It being winter-time there was a very large fire in the room—and, standing before it, with his back to the mantel shelf, (over which hung an engraved portrait of John Hunter,) his hands being tucked under his coat-tails, which were drawn forward, and hung in front, over his fore-arms, stood, perfectly at ease, a gentleman whom, from the portraits I had seen, and the descriptions I had heard, I knew could be none other than Abernethy himself. He looked keenly at us, as we entered the apartment, without moving from his comfortable position, which he retained until after the servant had placed chairs for us, and had quitted the room.

During this period, brief as it was, I had time to examine him pretty closely—and his eyes, too, were by no means unemployed—for they glanced from one to the other of us, as if to discover which of us it was who had come to consult him.

He was rather under the middle stature, and somewhat inclined to corpulency; yet so slightly, that the idea of fat never entered into the minds of any one who looked on him. His face was very peculiar, and somewhat pear-shaped—that is, it was narrower than ordinary at the summit of the forehead, which was high, and ploughed transversely with deep furrows. His eyes were small, deep-set, grey, and very keen and twinkling. There was evidently a good deal of sarcastic humor in the lines about his mouth. The nose was long and well shaped. A soiled white cravat enveloped his portly double-chin and neck—and his dress, which seemed to have been huddled on, not put on, consisted of a blue dress-coat, cut in antique style, and decorated with bright brass buttons—a lemon-colored waistcoat, and snuff-colored "continuations;" and a mean looking pair of old red slippers, which only half concealed some whitey-brown stockings, completed his costume.

"Now, then, which of you wants me?" were his first words, which he uttered without removing from his elegant position before the fire.

The elder lady, by a sign, indicated that her daughter was the patient; and was about detailing the symptoms, when he interrupted her with—

"There, hold your tongue, Madam!" then sitting by the young lady, he felt her pulse, asked her a few questions, gave a peculiar shrug with his shoulders, and then said to her mother—

"And pray, Madam, from how far have you brought your daughter to see me?"

"From B——I, sir," was the reply. "Our family physician——"

"Didn't tell you to send her to Mr. Abernethy—I'll swear!" interrupted Abernethy—"a fool if he did!—You've thrown away time and money, Madam, by coming here!"

"What! is there real danger, sir?" asked the frightened mother.

"Fiddle-de-dee, Madam! There, Ma'am, (handing her a slip of paper, on which was written the name of his publisher) go and buy my book, and read page 84. I'll tell you how I came to write the book—there, sit down—don't be frightened—we'll get the red edges off your daughter's tongue, and make it less like a lancet in shape, and she'll do well enough. A great hulky Yorkshire farmer came here to consult me, and told me such a long story that it made me sick. Finding he only did what other people did—tire my patience—I thought I'd say, once for all, what I had to say on paper; and so I put it in a book, and it saves me a good deal of trouble. People come to me with their long stories, and then they wonder that I am rude to them. They abuse their systems, and then expect me to set them to right all at once. Good morning, Madam." So bidding us farewell, he handed a prescription, which he had written while talking, put the three guineas, tendered as his fee, into his waistcoat pocket, and rang a small bell, which summoned a servant, who showed us out through a different door from that by which we made our ingress.

We had not gone half a dozen steps from the door when the young lady remembered that she had left her parasol on the table. She was hastening back, for it, and had just reached the door, when it suddenly opened, and Mr. Abernethy appeared, holding it in his hand:

"Hallo," he called out, in a voice that half frightened the poor girl into hysterics, "here's your what d'ye call it. What the devil d'ye leave your d—d traps here for? I don't want 'em." And he rudely thrust it into her hand.

Well, thought I, people may well think that you are rude to them; at all events, I never saw any one so bearish before.

The second occasion on which I saw him was during the Medical Session in London, when he delivered his lectures in the Theatre of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Owing to the great reputation of Mr. Abernethy, and in consequence, in some degree, of his eccentricity, as a man and a lecturer, his class was by far the most crowded in London. Hundreds of young men, who did not care a straw for the information he imparted, regularly went to his lectures, for the sake of the fun. In addition to these, many extra-professional gentlemen, and men about town, regularly attended his course, so that Abernethy's day was always looked for with great anxiety. He was very popular with the pupils, and they paid him every respect; indeed he was one who would not be trifled with, and did not hesitate, if a pupil misconducted himself, to soundly rate him from the lecturing table.

He generally lectured at two o'clock in the day—and, at the time I am referring to, I had considerable difficulty in procuring a seat, so early as one. I was fortunate enough to get a position in front of the gallery—fortunate only in one respect—for, as the crowds on the tiers of seats behind and above me increased, I was so pressed upon, by the students, that my chest was compressed to half its diameter, against the iron rail which surrounded the gallery front. They who know anything of Medical Students, may easily imagine the occurrences which transpired before the commencement of the proceedings. They were, by no means, of the most orderly character. Orange peel flew about, in all directions. Pieces of lint, chewed into pellets, were projected through hollowed arm bones and single vertebrae were flung at opposite neighbors. Caricatures of lecturers were drawn, and handed about. One very unpopular, and not particularly profound, examiner at Apothecaries' Hall, (a Mr. Wheeler) was personated by a student, who in a mock examination, proposed question to a fellow student opposite, who personated an unhappy candidate for the Diploma—and some such catechetical instruction as the following would be the order of the day:—

"I say, you Mr Squills, where is the North Pole of the Liver?"

"You'll find it, by digging through the Diaphragm, Wheeler."

"Why are apoplexy and palsy like spring flowers?"

"Because they're the first of the *neuroses*. (new-roses.)"

"Here, you Tom Tourniquet, why is the Extract of Belladonna like a good lecture?"

"Can't tell; it has something to do with the Iris, I know. Give it up."

"Because, spooney, it enlarges the capacity of the pupil."

"What's the dose of French Brandy? Can any body tell that?"

(From a hundred tongues.) "A noggin in the morning, two tumblers after dinner, and as much as you can get tick for at bed-time."

"What's the best thing for a sweat?"

"Antim. Tart., Pulv. Ipecac Comp., egg-flip, and getting Steggall to grind us."

"And what, if that should fail?"

"Get Wheeler to pluck you, at the Hall."

But, all at once, the hubbub ceased, for the dissecting-room porter entered, placed some jars, containing anatomical preparations, on the table, and, close at his heels, entered Mr. Abernethy himself. Every hat and cap was instantly doffed, a round of applause was given, and then only the voice of the lecturer broke the silence.

Even an abstract of his lecture would be, of course, quite unintelligible to the non-professional readers of these columns. I shall, therefore, content myself with giving an account of his manner, as a lecturer and teacher.

From what I have already written the reader may imagine his personal appearance. It was much the same on the latter as on the former occasion. He commenced his lecture in a clear-toned voice, which had something of the Scotch accent, by a recapitulation of the heads of the last lecture, and then plunged at once into the subject of the day. During a great portion of the time, his hands were thrust into his breeches pockets, and he appeared to be on quite free and easy terms with his audience. Occasionally he would make some droll remark, which, accompanied by a twinkle of his keen, expressive eye, would convulse his hearers with laughter. The manner of his telling quaint stories, too, was quite as mirth moving as the matter—and half the good things he said would be spoiled entirely if uttered by any other person. Of course, he has had a thousand and one stories foisted upon his reputation, which were not his, but he *did* often make the oddest and rudest remarks possible, and many of them quite unfit for "ears polite."

When I heard him, he was lecturing on diseases of the stomach—and indulged in some very severe remarks on the abuses which this organ was subjected to by various classes of persons—such as epicures and gourmands. I do not know whether it was his remark or a quotation, but I perfectly well remember his saying, in the course of his lecture, when treating of the digestive functions—"Many think, gentlemen, that the stomach resembles some of our culinary articles, in which the food is simmered down; others fancy it an oven, in which whatever we put into it is cooked by animal heat. There are those who imagine it to be a tub, in which the food is macerated; but they are all wrong. It is neither a stew-pan—nor an oven—nor a mash-tub—but a stomach, gentlemen—a stomach!"

Speaking of the diseases of the stomach, he referred to the sympathetic disturbances of the functions of the optic nerves, and described how in a case where his own gastric apparatus had got somewhat out of order, his sight was curiously affected. "One day," said he, "I was going up the borough road when, happening to look into a bookseller's shop window, I discovered that, in addition to the little black spots, and rings, and ribbon-like filaments, which floated before my eyes, the halves of many long words were only visible. For instance, one of my books lay in the window, open at the title-page—and on my honour, gentlemen, I could see the A-ber-knee very well, but I couldn't make out the thigh at all." All these sallies were, of course, received with roars of laughter, during which Abernethy would shrug his shoulders, and occupy himself with his snuff box.

I shall not attempt to inflict on the readers any of the many current anecdotes of this eccentric man. I know of a few which may not have been generally circulated, but they would tell better in a merry party than on paper. Some of them redound much to his credit, for Abernethy, beneath a rough exterior, had a warm and a benevolent heart. Many a poor hard working student has he not only admitted without a fee to his lectures, but assisted in the most delicate and substantial way. He died of a disease which prior to his dissolution he had most accurately described, and in many respects left not his equal behind him.

I will conclude this paper with a brief notice of one of the most brilliant ornaments of modern science. I allude to Mr., or I believe I should say, Sir Michael Faraday. A few years since the British Association, a migratory scientific body, to which I have had frequent occasions of referring, in the course of these Sketches, held their great meeting in the town of Liverpool, and it was then I first saw Mr. Faraday, who occupied the post of Chairman of the Chemical Section.

We are always, at least I am, apt to associate high mental acquirements with a somewhat dignified and staid deportment of person. Gravity would almost seem to be the handmaid of greatness, but they are not always combined; and certainly, so far as Mr. Faraday is concerned, it seems to keep at a very respectable distance.

In illustration of this I may mention the following anecdote respecting this distinguished man, which was related to me at Princeton, New Jersey, by one who, in the field of chemical and electrical science, is equally as distinguished, and who deservedly enjoys an European as well as an American reputation.

An American gentleman, not long since, visited England on a tour of pleasure, and being especially anxious to see Faraday, whose brilliant lectures at the Royal Institution had made his name known wherever science had diffused a single ray of its light, procured a letter of introduction to the distinguished *swann*, who happened to be like himself a member of the Swedenborgian Society. Arrived in London, he had occasion before he delivered his letter, to meet on some business or other, the deacons elders, managers, or whatever they may be styled, of the Swedenborgian Church there. These officers were two of them grave looking personages, as would beseem their position; but the third was youthful looking, volatile, and lively, to a degree which is by no means common in the grave managers of a religious community. The nature of the business did not render it necessary that the stranger should be made acquainted with the names of the gentlemen alluded to, and he did not know, until the evening of the day, that he had been in company with Mr. Faraday; of course when he became cognizant of the fact, he imagined that one of the grave looking gentlemen must have been the celebrated philosopher. The next day he proceeded to Mr. Faraday's house with his letter, and to his astonishment discovered that the young looking, lively gentleman was the great man.

Some such an erroneous impression was obliterated from my mind when I saw Mr. Faraday in the Chemical Chair. He had a dark complexioned countenance, lighted up by a pair of the most lively, restless black eyes I ever saw in the head of man, or woman either. His hair, too, was jet black curly, and parted in the very centre of his forehead, not giving him, as hair disposed in that manner sometimes does, a sleek, sheepish appearance, but a smart jaunty, natty air. In person, he was slender, and of about the average height. It is a common mode of expression, to say that a man who is restless "is upon wires;" in Faraday's case, the allusion would be quite appropriate, for he was never still half a minute together, and there was such a continual lively smile, not a smirk, on his lips, that it really was pleasant to look at him. He had the familiar nod and the cheerful wink for every one, and seemed to feel a real anxiety to make every one about him comfortable; and with all his splendid attainments, there was so much humility apparent, that his genius blazed ten times the brighter for his seeming unconsciousness of it.

His style of lecturing is very brilliant, and I have heard those who had listened to that most poetical and fascinating of scientific lecturers, the late Sir Humphrey Davy, say, that in point of felicitous illustration, Faraday is scarcely to be considered his inferior. His voice is musical, and well modulated, and I can scarcely imagine a higher mental treat than that offered by hearing Faraday lecture at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. There, behind the great lecturing table, with his coat sleeves turned back at the wrists—his eyes flashing with enthusiasm, as he discourses on his favorite topic, to perhaps as brilliant an audience, whether personally or mentally considered, as any in the world, he stands one of the wonders of his own wonderful age, discoursing eloquently on the marvels, which his own mind and hand have in part revealed. There, the cynosure of all eyes, stands the son of a poor Irish blacksmith, who was apprenticed to a book-seller, at the early age of nine years, and who actually worked at his trade until he was twenty-two. He first "sounded his dim and perilous way" over the ocean of knowledge, with few and unimportant aids. Of an old bottle he made his first electrical machine, and with such like humble aids he went on, until his genius attracted notice. Since then, his career has been a brilliant one, and the only clouds which have dimmed the sunshine of his success, have been those formed by the dust of the earth, which has been raised by the too impetuous sweeping on of his chariot wheels. Happily these days of darkness have been but few, and a partial cessation of severe toil has been effectual in dispelling the mental clouds. May they never return, to cast a gloom not only on the pathway of one who worthily follows in the steps of

La Place, Dalton, Davy, Wallaston, and Priestley, or to cause apprehension in the hearts of those who justly regard his star as one of the brightest in the scientific galaxy.

On a future occasion, I shall have the pleasure of describing other celebrated *Sarans*, foreign as well as English. The two I have selected for the above remarks are somewhat complimented, for they have taken the places of a pair of favorite Authoresses, whom I intended to have presented to the readers of the *Atlas* to-day—Mary Russel Mitford, and Letitia Elizabeth Landon. They shall not, however, be kept long waiting.—*Boston Atlas*.

THE SOANE MUSEUM.

There is a public exhibition in London, at which we have from time to time spent many hours with equal pleasure and instruction, but which, from the comparatively small number of visitors, does not appear to be so highly appreciated as it deserves. We allude to the collection of pictures, antiques, articles of virtu, &c. got together by the late Sir John Soane, and deposited in the house he occupied at No. 13, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Some ornamental details on the house point it out to the eye of the stranger; they are not likely, however, to detain it very long, and indeed observers of severe taste may wish them away. The door having opened and closed again, the first thing which will engage the visitor's attention is a bust in the entrance lobby of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who, though the son of an innkeeper, was both in manners and bearing, one of the most aristocratic of men, the painter and companion of princes and nobles. A fine specimen of his workmanship may be seen in the next apartment (the diningroom and library thrown together,) being nothing less than a portrait of Sir John Soane himself. It is an excellent painting, and cannot fail to charm every beholder by the clearness of its colouring; one hand seen hanging down is exquisitely painted. Exactly opposite hangs a picture by Lawrence's famous predecessor, Sir Joshua Reynolds. It represents a passage from the story of the goddess of beauty, and her "wimpled, winning, purblind, wayward boy, Dan Cupid." It shows the sad result of Sir Joshua's experimenting in oils and colours, being grievously disfigured with cracks, whilst a hectic flush on the countenance usurps the place of a healthy, rosy hue, a defect too common in the works of this painter. The pencil of Howard, R.A., has adorned several of the compartments in the ceiling, and a number of elegantly bound books, principally relating to architecture, covers the walls. Passing through some lobby-like apartments—in which two small engravings by Hogarth might escape notice amongst the crowd of objects if not specially pointed out—we arrive at the door of the room in which the most of the paintings are hung. But before entering, pray pause to admire the model of a sleeping child by Banks. The marble has been placed in Ashbourne church, Devonshire, to the memory of a daughter of Sir Brook Boothby. The helpless sleep of innocent childhood was never more perfectly represented; but as yet it has not been so fortunate as the sleeping children in Litchfield cathedral, for no one has uttered in verse the feelings it inevitably excites. By an ingenious arrangement, the space upon which paintings can be hung in the picture room is considerably increased. Large shutters are made to move on hinges, and pictures are suspended on both sides. Thus the small space of 13 feet 8 inches, by 12 feet 4 inches is rendered capable of holding as many paintings as a gallery 45 feet long by 20 feet broad. The first objects that challenge attention are a series of four pictures by Hogarth, who may be truly said to have imitated none, and to be imitable of any. They represent the scenes of an election. In the first an entertainment is depicted. Many figures are crowded upon the canvas, every one of which plays a part in a disgusting but "true story." The riotous licensee too frequently attendant upon such occasions is drawn with forcible ludicrousness. Some are seized with apoplexy, others are desperately wounded with brickbats; but still the gluttons and drunkards around continue their eating and drinking. A man who has had his face daubed with soot, talks with great animation, in entire ignorance of the cause of his neighbour's laughter. In one group a tailor, who is simple enough to keep about him that embarrassing article, a conscience, and resolutely refuse a bribe, is fiercely attacked by his termagant wife, whilst his son shows how his toes have become visible at the end of his shoe. The canvassing follows, and then the polling, where the booth is filled with freeholders, deaf, sick, maimed, and blind, as if the very hospital had been ransacked for voters. In the fourth picture, the successful candidate is seen to possess but a precarious tenure of his chair. The incidents by which this awkward result has been brought about are whimsically complicated and amusingly depicted. The member here represented was Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe Regis, a man of the lowest political morals, who naively revealed his sins in a self-complacent diary. To him Thompson dedicated his *Summer*, and we find him there invested with those excellences with which the imagination of the poets is accustomed to endow their patrons. Amongst the rest,

Unblemished honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man!

These pictures were once in the possession of David Garrick, having been purchased by him from the painter. Sir John Soane bought them for 1650 guineas, when the effects of the actor's widow was sold. In another series of eight pictures, the *Rake's Progress* is delineated with fearful truthfulness. Repeated engravings have made these paintings well known. A course, tainted even at the beginning with depravity, then cursed with riches, is traced through darker and darker droffigacy to a prison, and from that depth to a still lower—to the furthest point and most loathsome form of human degradation—madness. The moral of Hogarth's pictures it is needless to comment on. The lessons our pictorial Crabbe teaches are obvious to every eye. "Never did I derive," says Mr. Hartley Coleridge in one of his charming essays—"never did I derive from Hogarth's paintings an unfriendly feeling towards my kind—never did they shake my faith in the true nobility of man's nature, which is ennobled not by what it is, but by what it should be. So far from it, I affirm that they bear irrefragable testimony to a principle, a moral law in man, that is above the understanding—not begotten upon sense, nor constructed by custom, self love, or animal sensibility, but implanted by the Divinity as the key and counterpoint to the law from on high." This series was purchased from Alderman Beckford for only £598. If now brought into the market, they would probably fetch six times that sum. Mr. Beckford was also the possessor of six pictures representing the *Harlot's Progress*; but these were unfortunately consumed in the fire which destroyed old Fonthill in 1755. In this room may be seen the masterpiece of Canaletto. A fine work of his hangs in the National Gallery; but this is still finer. Indeed it would have been impossible for him to suppress the natural appearance here given to the surface of the water. The eye runs up the grand canal (the scene is Venetian) with astonishment at the elusive perspective, and the figures managing a boat in the foreground are brought out with wonderful distinctness. Above are two small Canalettos, one

of the Bridge of the Rialto, the other of St. Mark and its tall campanile. The clear precision with which Canaletto is able to place objects upon canvas, and to show the thing through an atmosphere of the utmost purity, makes his pictures at first look almost as hard as an architect's plan; but their mannerism is soon forgotten, and their truthful representation meets with its merited applause. He may be styled the most poetical of architectural limners. His works have always been great favourites in England, where there are in consequence many vile imitations. An Italian lake is the subject of a large picture by Sir Augustus Calcott, but to us it appears unfortunate in its tone of colour. There are several other paintings by Fuseli, Danby, and others. Four designs drawn by the founder of this museum are a display, to use his own language, 'of the architectural visions of early fancy, and wild effusions of a mind glowing with an ardent and enthusiastic desire to attain professional distinction in the gay morning of youth.'

We may now descend into the cellarage, stuffed as full as the upper storeys and divided in apartments fantastically termed 'the Monks' Parlor, Oratory, &c. Here are to be found numerous antique objects, such as carvings in painted glass, and Peruvian vases. Passing into the adjacent corridor and anteroom, we behold numerous fragments and casts in plaster of classic statuary and architecture. But by far the most interesting object in the Egyptian sarcophagus, discovered by Belzoni in 1816 in a tomb in the valley of Beban-el-Malook, near Gournou. Its length is nine feet four inches, and its greatest width three feet eight inches, with an average depth of two feet and a half. It is cut out of a single piece of Arragonite, of such transparency, that the rays of a candle penetrate through it where it is three inches thick. 'What we found in the centre of the sarcophagus,' says Belzoni in his narrative, 'merits the most particular attention, not having its equal in the world, and being such as we had no idea could exist. It is a sarcophagus of the finest Oriental alabaster, and is transparent when a light is placed in the inside of it. It is minutely sculptured within and without, with several hundred figures, which do not exceed two inches in height, and represent, as I suppose, the whole of the funeral procession and ceremonies relating to the deceased, &c. I cannot give an adequate idea of this beautiful and invaluable piece of antiquity, and can only say that nothing has been brought in Europe from Egypt that can be compared with it. The cover was not there; it had been taken out and broken into several pieces, which we found in digging before the first entrance. I may call this a fortunate day—one of the best perhaps of my life. I do not mean to say that fortune has made me rich, for I do not consider all rich men fortunate; but she has given me that satisfaction, that extreme pleasure, which wealth cannot purchase—the pleasure of discovering what had been long sought in vain.' The learned scholars who have attempted to unlock the meaning of its hieroglyphic carvings, very provokingly arrive at different interpretations; therefore the laity may be allowed to suppose that their true import has not yet been fathomed. When first brought to England, the sarcophagus, or cenotaph be it, was offered to the trustees of the British Museum for £2000, and when they declined the purchase, Sir John Soane eagerly paid the sum demanded.

Returning to the ground floor of the museum, and entering the gallery under the dome, amongst the variety of things to attract attention, a fine cast from the Apollo Belvidere, 'the lord of the unerring bow,' and an excellent bust in white marble of Soane, by Chantrey, are conspicuous. Without pausing longer here to contemplate the tastefully disposed vases, urns, and fragments of architectural decoration, or even the cast from Michael Angelo in the adjacent lobby, let us enter the breakfast room, a small but beautiful apartment, lighted by a miniature dome. Here is a portrait of General Bonaparte, and another of the fallen emperor, painted at St. Helena. Between them is a curiously mounted pistol, chiefly of silver. It is said to have been taken by Peter the Great from the bey, commander of the Turkish army, at Azof, 1696, and presented by the Emperor Alexander to Napoleon at the treaty of Tilsit in 1807, who took it with him to St. Helena, where he gave it to a French officer. A picture by Howard R. A., of the contention between Oberon and Titania, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, is characterised by his usual gaudy colouring. We proceed in the next place up stairs but pause a moment at the foot to admire Flaxman's noble group of the Archangel Michael overcoming Satan—

Him long of old
Thou didst rebel, and down from heaven cast
With all his army.

From this model a large group was cut in marble for Lord Egremont, which is now now at Petworth. A little higher in the staircase is one of the pictures 'painted for the purpose of illustrating the dramatic works of Shakespeare, by the artists of Great Britain,' at the instance of Alderman Boydell, in which laudable employment all the great artists of the day, including Reynolds, Romney, Fuseli, and Northcote, were enlisted. This picture, by Durno, is of no great merit. The scene is from the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Falstaff, in women's clothes, is ejected from Ford's house. 'I like not when a woman has a great peard. I spy a great peard under her muffler.' Passing a recess in which two pictures by Howard are enconced (the best point for viewing them is a few steps higher) we come to a small Mercury in bronze, by Giovanni de Bologna, instinct with exquisite and characteristic grace, reminding us irresistibly of that

herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven kissing hill,

which haunted the imagination of Hamlet. Beside it is a small model by Bailey, R. A., representing, with Miltonic beauty, our first parent extended on the earth after his fall, crushed by the oppression of inexpressible guilt, and beseeching death, in his agony of grief, as the most gracious of boons—

On the ground,
Outstretched, he lay—on the cold ground—and oft
Cursed his creation, death as oft accused
Of tardy execution.

We then enter the south drawing-room, on the table in the centre of which is a series of medals, 140 in number, struck in France during the consulate and the reign of Napoleon. These medals were once in the possession of the Empress Josephine, having been selected for her by the Baron Denon. The ivory table and the four ivory chairs round it were formerly in Tipoo Saib's palace at Seringapatam. Two other curiosities in this room are worth mentioning—namely, Sir Christopher Wren's watch, the face of which is 'with centric and eccentric scribbled o'er'; and a piece of jewellery found amongst the royal baggage after the disastrous battle of Naseby. There are several of Flaxman's models in this apartment, and on the walls are drawings after Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican. In the next room, connected with the last by folding-doors, are several paintings by Eastlake, Hilton, and others, but they are very inferior specimens of the handicraft of these artists. There is, however, a good picture by J. M. W. Turner—Van Tromp's barge entering the Texel in 1645,

painted before he adopted the plan of obscuring his design by throwing the prismatic colours upon his canvas. There is also a beautiful little scene of greenery by Ruysdael. The glazed cases under the window contain a collection of gems, cameos, intaglios, &c., part of which were formerly the property of an Italian archbishop; many of them are very beautiful. At the foot of the next flight of stairs is a bust by Flaxman of the prime minister Pitt, in which, though merely a head, the commanding attitude of the orator is apparent. In the recess half way up is a plaster cast from Flaxman's 'Shield of Achilles,' executed for George IV. at a cost of 2000 guineas. A second was also made for the king as a present to his brother the Duke of York, a third is at Lowther castle in Westmoreland, and a fourth belongs to the Duke of Northumberland. The artist endeavoured to display in material forms Homer's famous description in the *Iliad*—

Rich various artifices emblazed the field:
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,
And godlike labours on the surface rose.

'Round the border of the shield,' says Allan Cunningham, in describing this magnificent work of art, 'he first wrought the sea, in breadth about three fingers; wave follows wave in quiet undulation. He knew that a boisterous ocean would disturb the harmony of the rest of his work. On the central boss he has represented Apollo, or the Sun in his chariot; the horses seem starting forward, and the god bursting out in beauty to give light to the universe around. On the twelve celebrated scenes which fill that space in the shield between the ocean border and the central representation of the universe, he exhausted all his learning, and expended all his strength. We have the labours of commerce and agriculture, hunting, war, marriage, religious rites—all, in short, that makes up the circle of social existence. The figures are generally about six inches in height, and vary in relief from the smallest perceptible swell to half an inch. There is a convexity of six inches from the plane, and the whole contains not less than a hundred figures.' On the staircase are some casts from the antique, the originals of which are in the Vatican museum, and some bas-reliefs by Flaxman. Amongst a variety of pictures and drawings in the room beyond, are Calcott's View of the Thames below Greenwich, the Smoking Room at Chelsea Hospital, by Jones, two drawings of land-capes by Ruysdael, which formerly belonged to Louis XVI., and a dog by Rubens. There is here also a cabinet, said to have been presented by Philip of Spain to Mary of England. The adjoining room contains numerous models chiefly in cork, of the famous buildings of antiquity—such as the Temple of Venus at Baalbec, the Temple of Neptune at Palmyra, the ruins of Pompeii, and the temples at Paestum.

That stand between the mountains and the sea,
Awful memorials, but of whom we know not.

There are several objects of value and rarity preserved in this museum, which are not shown to strangers without special permission. Amongst them is the manuscript of Tasso's great poem, the *Jerusalem Delivered*; a Latin manuscript, embellished with exquisite miniatures by Giulio Clovio, famous for his works in this line—a book containing the Psalms, illuminated by him, was sold for a large sum at the Strawberry Hill sale—a missal of the fifteenth century, containing nearly a hundred miniatures by Lucas von Leyden and his scholars, very finely finished in the Dutch style, but in other respects much inferior to the productions of Clovio; the four first folio editions of the *Shakespeare*, which belonged to John Phillip Kemble, &c. &c.

We think we have now said enough to prove that the Soane Museum is a place of great interest and attraction, and that a few hours spent amongst its accumulated wealth will neither be unpleasantly nor unprofitably occupied. In truth, there are many single objects which would be quite sufficient to attract any lover of art or archaeology. It is scarcely necessary to name the Belzoni sarcophagus, the two series of Hogarths, the Canaletto, the Clovio illumination, and the Tasso manuscript, as belonging to this class.

Sir John Soane, to whom the public is indebted for assembling and preserving this collection at a great expense was the son of a bricklayer. In his profession of an architect he acquired considerable fame, with wealth that enabled him to indulge his taste in accumulating rarities and works of art. He died in 1837, at the age of 84, having, a few years before his decease, obtained an act of parliament for settling and preserving his museum, library, and works of art for the benefit of the public, and for establishing a sufficient endowment for the maintenance of the same. Under this act the property was vested in a body of trustees, and the dividends of a sum of £30,000 stock are applied under their direction in its support. The curator, Mr. George Bailey, resides at the museum, and all who have occasion to trouble him personally must thankfully acknowledge his attentive offices.

Miscellaneous Articles.

INTELLECTUAL RECREATION OF THE ARABS.

Every Arab, whether of the town, or the fields, or the desert, is an indefatigable talker. He is lazy about business; but his real relaxation from labour, and his comfort while labour is going on, is in loud and rapid talk, accompanied with the most painfully restless gesticulation. All day, if travelling, his joy is to double himself up upon the top of the other burdens his camel has to bear, and there, with his pipe in one hand and his beads in the other, to mutter and drone himself into a comatose state. While he is walking at his camel's tail he pours forth an endless dreary song, always composed by himself for the occasion, always to the same air, if air it can be called, and relating to the number of travellers and place of destination. For the first day or two we thought it was some sacred canticle or prayer. It had a tone of psalmody. But all our respect for it was at an end when our dragomen thus translated it:—'We are twelve—four are Hawadjis—go on, camels, to Gaza—why should we not go on to Gaza?—we are twelve—four are Hawadjis.' This, set to never more than three bars of very sad music, the singer repeats, over and over again, to the selfsame tune and words, in which his companions alternately relieve him throughout the day.

But when the season of natural repose arrives, and every thing invites to it, when the bread has been baked, and the rice boiled, and the evening repast concluded, and more fuel collected, and the fires made up for the night, and the groups of men and camels are well and snugly established round them, and the Hawadji, or travelling gentleman, within the tent, is wrapped up in that chrysalis state in which every man who feels he has a hammock or a blanket hopes after a long day's ride that he may remain undisturbed, at least from midnight till sunrise, 'tis then, sad man! that his Arabs who surround him have fairly entered upon active life. They shout, they sing, at the highest pitch their voices can attain. If there is a pause, it is that one of them may

tell a long story about nothing at all a dozen times over; beginning, continuing, and ending, each time, to the same effect, and in the same words; how certain travellers, or how a certain sheik or pasha, or how a certain camel—but no matter what—the whole troop applauding as vociferously as if the story was a new one, which it never is, or had a point in it, which it never has. And thus they go on, sometimes breaking off for a firing of pistols and muskets and a general howl, to inform the desert that they have arms. Then comes morning, and then the preparations to renew the journey. Then, after the violent debate, which every morning recurs, about how the camel loads are to be readjusted (an operation on which daily discussion and practice have been expended in vain) those who ride fall asleep, as the day before, and those who walk resume the former chant about the number of the party, and where they are going, and the question, why should they not go there!

INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF EXCITANTS.—Some six years back, on the occasion of the annual election of presidents at the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, two gentlemen were considered pretty certain of an elevation to the distinguished chair. They had dined together, had ate and drank sparingly, and in journeying to the society hall, felt, naturally enough, the qualms peculiar to anxiety. One stepped into a druggist's shop, and purchased a drachm of camphor, which he divided with his friend, telling him at the same time to use it sparingly, and at most not to use above half of it. The advice, however, was disregarded, as well by the giver as by the receiver, for during the excitement of the election each man unconsciously swallowed his half drachm of the drug. They were elected presidents, and one of them being at the head of the poll, had shortly, by virtue of seniority, to take the chair. It was as he re-entered the room, to receive its plaudits and its highest honours, that an agonizing pain seized his head, darting through his temples, and as it were transfixing his brain. A thousand lights flashed before his eyes, and his ears rung with strange noises, in which he recognised none of the welcomes familiar to friendship. The ground reeled under his feet, and it was with difficulty he reached the pausing place of his ambition. As he viewed the audience from his elevation, a crowd of faces seemed curiously merry and laughing, and their joy wore to him so strange an aspect, that it was not without effort he persuaded himself a delusion had not stolen over him, and the fair reality was a flattery and a cheat. After a convenient interval, he rose to return the usual thanks and make the accustomed promises. Very unusual with him, his lips faltered, his cheek turned pale, the anticipated eloquence was a mumble of gratitude; he bowed a confused acknowledgment and resumed his seat, seemingly overwhelmed with the obligation of honour. Luckily, his dilemma was attributed to modesty—a weakness he had never been charged with before. False ideas and troubles crowded upon him as he sat, and after some minutes' interval he left the room. The first object he encountered in the open air was his friend, who, likewise under the influence of the drug, was crying piteously, and vomiting at intervals—he was perfectly hysterical. The two men, who of all others, should have been joyous that night, were the victims of a miserable narcotic delirium. As the evening wore away, they slowly revived, but its *finale*, in the supper peculiar to the occasion, was if possible more remarkable than its outset. The two leading presidents, upon whose faces joy should have sat as substantially as if it were stereotyped, figured, like mutes at a funeral, with solemn faces, and a seeming grief.—*Medical Times*.

JESUITISM IN SOUTH AMERICA.—The Indians were astonished at the first appearance of a jesuit, and knew not what to make of a man who came to them single and unarmed; who at once comprehended, as if by instinct, all their forms of salutation and social ceremony; who adopted their manners, and bestowed presents upon them. And what an effect must the first tones of the flute or violin have had upon them! The tale is still told of one of the jesuits who played long on the violin, and only begged as a reward for his pains, that he might be allowed to sprinkle a little water upon the heads of the listening Indians. But this they would not grant; they would dance, but not be sprinkled. The obliging musician then seated himself under a tree, while the Indians surrounded him, beseeching that he would continue to play. "Bring me a little water," said he "and I will play for you as long as you please." As soon as the water was fetched, they surrounded him again; while he sprinkled and fiddled until both parties were fully satisfied. On another occasion, the missionaries predicted an eclipse of the sun or moon, at which the Indians laughed at first; but, when the phenomenon took place, they consented to be baptised, and yielded themselves to the sway of the jesuits. In many instances the missionaries availed themselves of a knowledge of physics to attain their purposes. "C'est le premier pas que coûte." When a horde of Indians was thus in some measure tamed, and made nominally Christians, the jesuits began to study the language and manners of the people. Soon after baptism, packages of all sorts of tools, clothing, ornaments, and convenient things, were freely distributed among the neophytes. Houses began to be built, fields were sown and planted, and the Indians were instructed in the care of oxen, horses, sheep, goats, swine, and poultry. But care was taken lest the new converts should become disgusted with their toil; and sometimes, tribes of Indians already civilized were called to assist in the establishment of the new mission. Now, for the first time, some mention was made of the Christian religion. The missionary gave to the Indians some instruction concerning the Trinity, the virgin, and the saints; then built a chapel and introduced the mass, with prayers and preaching. Still the old forms of worship were retained, and treated with the utmost respect; for instance, in the morning a Christian mass was celebrated; but in the evening a very different mass was performed, and the jesuit himself danced and sung with the natives in honour of the old gods of the country.

With slow but sure steps the labours of the new mission advanced towards their object. By degrees, almost imperceptible, the old heathenism vanished, and the new religion was established. * * * Christianity, with all its ceremonies and solemnities, was intimately united with the daily life of the converted Indians. At four o'clock in the morning, the father of every family began his domestic devotion by repeating the "pater-noster," the "ave-Maria," or the "credo," followed by all the members of the household, still lying in their beds. Next, they went to mass, from which none dare be absent; the jesuit frequently going his round at the time, and driving with his whip every one who stayed at home when not sick. * * * At San Jose there is still to be seen, in a corner of the sacristy, the demon figure prepared for his part in the penitential services of former days. The jesuit, after declaiming on the sins of the people, suddenly called out, "Now comes the devil, to take you all."

At the moment the church doors were fastened, nearly all the lights were extinguished, and Satan came in upon a car, arrayed as a great black fellow, with fiery eyes, nose, and tongue; with horns, tail, and hoofs; while an Indian, concealed behind the figure, raised a terrible cry. The congregation, as may

be easily imagined, were horror-struck and in despair, while the jesuit proceeded to explain the designs of the evil one who moved about in the church. After some quarter of an hour spent in this exhibition, the preacher would say, "But, through the intercession of the holy virgin, grace is again afforded to you, and the devil shall not have you this time." At this the black gentleman vanished, and the church was suddenly lighted up again.—*The Jesuits, and their Mission to Chitquois*.

Sir J. Guest, of Dowlais Works, in evidence before Import Duties Committee, 1840, stated that—

The iron made at the beginning of this century amounted to	
In 1806	150,000 tons,
In 1806	258,000 "
In 1823	452,000 "
In 1825	581,000 "
In 1828	703,900 "
In 1835	1,000,000 "
In 1836	1,300,000 "
In 1840	1,500,000 "

Mr. Porter further said, that Mr. Jessop, of the Buttery Works, estimated the annual produce in Great Britain, exclusive of Ireland, in 1840, at 1,365,500 tons, and that the quantity of coal used for smelting that quantity was 4,877,000 tons, besides 2,000,000 tons for converting into wrought iron. To illustrate the importance of iron steamers, he could state that the Aaron Manby iron steam-boat, built in 1825, at the Horseley Iron works, has been in use ever since, and the repairs to her hull have not altogether cost 50*l*. in those twenty five years. A small iron steamboat has been plying upon Shannon since 1825. She is still in good condition. The number of iron steamboats launched since 1830 is more than 150. The steam navy of the East India Company consists in a great part, of iron—25 now in use in India.

GURNEYISM.—This term—of whose meaning perhaps nineteen-twentieths of our readers are utterly ignorant—is applied to a new and particular kind of manuring, which has been employed with signal success by Mr. Gurney, a farmer in East Cornwall. The operation consists in covering grass land with long straw, coarse hay, or other fibrous matter, about 20 lbs. to the fall; allowing this covering to lie till the grass spring through it (which it does with astonishing rapidity) to the desired length, and then raking it off to allow the oestral to reach the pasture. The covering is then applied to another portion of the field; the operation of removal and covering being repeated so long as the straw or hay remains sufficiently entire to admit of convenient application. The merits of the system, which is yet in its infancy, was thus stated by Mr. Gurney at a late meeting of the East Cornwall Experimental Club:—"About seven weeks since, he had covered half a field of grass of three acres in this manner, and about a fortnight ago, when examined, the increase had been found to be at the rate of upwards of 5000 lbs. per acre over the uncovered portion of the field. At that time the straw was raked off and laid in rows 12 feet apart on the field, and 115 sheep were put on the grass, with a view to eat it down as quickly as possible. After they had been there about a week, they were succeeded by 26 bullocks, to eat off the long grass remaining, and which the sheep had left. The field was thus grazed as bare as possible. The same straw was now again thrown over the same portion of the field from which it had been raked; and on inspection that morning, he had found the action going on as powerfully as on the former occasion. He thought the sheep, on first raking off the straw, were not so fond of the grass as they were of that uncovered; but after 24 hours' exposure to the sun and air, he thought they rather preferred it. He had 40 acres now under the operation, and in consequence of it, he had had grass when his neighbours had none." Fibrous covering, or Gurneyism, as thus described, is certainly a cheap and convenient mode of manuring; all that is wanted is only further experiment to test its general applicability.

MARRIED.—On Tuesday morning, the 2d inst., at the Church of the Messiah, by the Rev. Frederick A. Farley, Mr. Henry Jessop, Merchant of this city, to Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. John Fackrell, of Ogdensburg.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 93-4 a 10 percent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1845.

By the Mail Steamer, *Caledonia*, we have our files to the 19th ult. As might be expected the details are somewhat barren of interest.

Parliament was prorogued on Saturday the 9th Aug., by the Queen in person; and in an hour or two afterwards her Majesty with the Prince Consort embarked in the Royal Yacht, *Victoria* and *Albert*, to pay their visit to the King of Prussia. The Queen's speech at the Prorogation will be found in our news columns.

Cotton maintains its price, and the demand for it continues to be steady; the stock of manufactured goods are said to be small, the condition of the manufacturing interest healthy and cheerful, but there is no sensible demonstration of wild speculation in anything, unless perhaps in Railroad shares, in which last the fever prevails with scarcely undiminished violence.

The accounts of the weather and the crops are still unpromising and exceedingly fluctuating. Rain prevails greatly, and Wheat is much laid; and the season is now so far advanced that in the southern counties of England the harvest ought to have commenced even before the departure of the *Caledonia*. It is to be hoped that the unfavourable reports are of only a partial nature, for a holding back of the harvest in England in the expectation of fine weather, though late, to ripen the crops, is generally fallacious. The grain markets are gradually rising, but this is generally the case about the time of harvest; the news by the next arrival, however, via Boston, will be almost conclusive on the subject. In the meanwhile it is gratifying to observe that even in the corn market, where cupidity and eager speculation have hitherto taken up their most favorite abode, there is little sensation. Men walk with cautious steps and keep their eyes open; they listen to the reports concerning the weather on every side and carefully work out the average. Either a great reform has come

over the spirit of English capitalists, or it has condensed and concentrated itself in the pet course of Railways. No matter, the alteration is of a generally salutary nature, both to trade and to the condition of society at large.

There is at this period the sum of sixteen millions sterling or thereabouts in the Bank vaults, a larger sum than has been known to be idle for many a year. This speaks well for British capital, in "her piping time of peace," and gives assurances that the prudent enterprises of her merchants can be sustained at any unforeseen case of emergency.

There has recently been an election of a member for the town of Sunderland, and the eyes of the whole country have been directed thereto, as it was thought to be a trial of Ministerial strength on the one hand, and a feeler of the popularity of *Free Trade* on the other. We do not quite perceive that such a place—a sea-port on the North East coast of England could be a remarkably apposite arena for a contest of that nature, but, be that as it may, Mr. Hudson, the advocate of the Peel policy, beat Col. Thompson, the warm disciple of Cobden and Bright.

The practical operation of the political principle of Expediency is shewing favourably for Sir R. Peel. He must have been thinking also of the old maxim "*Divide et impera*," for he has so mixed it up like leaven in his expediency movements in Ireland, that he has caused the Irish themselves to put down Repeal, whilst he stands quietly looking on at the effects of his machinery. The Irish conciliation measures of the session just concluded, though great, and particularly as they are probably but the commencement of progressive boons, have failed to satisfy the Repeal Leaders, who, nevertheless, have lost popularity and influence in consequence, and down goes the Rent to a comparative pittance. But these same conciliatory measures rouse the indignation of the Ultra Orangemen, who immediately convoke a public solemn meeting, where they determine that the minister has betrayed the true interests of the crown, and where they resolve that *they* and their adherents will oppose Repeal and Catholic ascendancy, to the last drop of their blood. All this is "Nuts" to the Premier; here is a host, a strength on which he can lay his hands if necessary, and yet with whom he can make an instrument for farther conciliation, and all with the stroke of a pen. It is but a very short time since Orange Lodges and Orange Meetings were declared illegal; and, in the very face of the then Duke of Cumberland and of the Earl of Eldon, two of the hottest adherents to Orangeism, were denounced and broken up. Sir Robert therefore discharges a magistrate (Mr. Watson) for encouraging an illegal meeting, pleases the repealers thereby, beats the blood of their adversaries, *divides*, and will *conquer*. What is more, he deserves to conquer, for he is gradually (which is the best way) rendering justice where it is strictly due, yet not in such a manner as if it would seem to be wrested from him.

SUFFERERS BY THE LATE FIRES AT QUEBEC.

In the course of the editorial duties to cater for the public information, it does happily occur sometimes to fall in with an incident which is seized upon with delight and satisfaction as being honorable to human nature, and binding in social intercourse. The following is one of these, denoting sympathy with regard to the misfortunes of others at the very moment when the humane are themselves surrounded by the like calamities. In considering the amount of the donation which we have here the pleasure to record, it should not be forgotten, that fires have been raging to a dreadful extent in many cities and places besides Quebec, and that the citizens of New York have with open hands contributed to relieve the distresses of those who have been sufferers therein; still farther it should not be forgotten that at the very moment when they were again about to stretch forth those liberal hands, a conflagration occurred among themselves, the mischiefs of which were to a still greater amount than that of any one which thus moved their sympathies.

The following correspondence and report have been put in our hands, and we give them publicity with unfeigned pleasure. The tone of feeling expressed on both sides is such as should ever emanate from right minded citizens of the world.

NEW YORK, 25 Aug., 1845.

To the Hon. E. Caron, Mayor of Quebec.

Sir,—I am requested by the Committee appointed to solicit aid for the sufferers by the late disastrous fires at Quebec, to enclose you the result of their labours.

We deeply regret the small amount collected, which would, I feel assured have been much increased, but that the like calamity had just previously visited Pittsburg, and almost immediately after our own City—naturally circumscribing the liberality of our citizens within their own sphere of action.

Such as it is, however, we tender with sincere sympathy for the many houseless sufferers by this distressing visitation, and a confident hope that with the assistance of the benevolent in various quarters, the home Government, and the active energies of your own people, the fair city of Quebec will soon firmly and proudly emerge from her present state.

Herewith I hand you a list of the contributors, and enclose a draft on the Bank of British North America for \$1959 60, the receipt of which you will please acknowledge.—Believe me, Sir,

Yours, very Respectfully,

RICHARD BELL.

QUEBEC, 27th Aug., 1845.

Sir,—I am requested to acknowledge the receipt, by the Treasurer of the General Committee for the relief of the sufferers by the late fires in this City, of a draft on the Bank of British North America for \$1959 60, enclosed by you to His Honor the Mayor of this City, as the proceeds of the charitable labours of a similar committee in your city.

We thank you sincerely for this liberal proof of your sympathy for our destitute fellow citizens, and regret extremely the community of misfortune which reduces us to the necessity of receiving from our wealthier neighbours the assistance which they alone can afford, after relieving the wants of those around them.

Gladly indeed would we follow their generous example if it were in our

power so to do; but, alas! the magnitude of our misfortune has rendered the contrary course inevitable.—I have the honor to be, Sir, your ob'd't serv't,
(Signed) E. L. MONTIZAMBERT, Hon'y Sec'y Gen. Committee.

Richard Bell, Esq., New York, U.S.

List of Subscriptions received for the benefit of the sufferers by the late fire at Quebec:—

John Ward & Co.....	\$100	R. Bell & Wm. MacLachlan....	\$200
W. C. Pickersgill & Co.....	50	Howland & Aspenwall.....	100
James McBride.....	20	Barclay & Livingston.....	100
J. C.....	5	H. L. Routh & Son.....	25
Dennistoun & Co.....	100	Boorman, Johnston & Co.....	100
Grinnell, Minturn & Co.....	100	Richard Irvin.....	50
Goodhue & Co.....	100	Anonymous p R Irvin.....	20
Maitland, Comrie & Co.....	200	John J. Palmer.....	50
Thomas Dixon.....	50	Prime, Ward & King.....	100
Saml. Walker.....	5	Nath. L. & G. Griswold.....	100
John Griswold p A B.....	25	L. M. Hoffman & Co.....	50
E. Cunard, Jr.....	50	D. C. & W. Pell.....	20
Bache McEvers.....	100	John J. Kingsford.....	20
Dunscomb & Beckwith.....	50	Geo. D. Post.....	10
A. Belmont.....	20		
Francis Griffin.....	20	Total.....	\$1940

PICTURES BY MR. DEAS, AT THE ART-UNION.

We have just been to see the last arrival at the Rooms of the Art Union entitled the "Death Struggle," and "Winona," (the first-born), two pictures painted by Mr. C. Deas, now of St. Louis.

In the "far west" in the Indian country, where the foot of the white man rarely treads, there is a class of men called *Trappers*—rough adventurous beings, who generally are engaged alone in the pursuit of the Beaver, and who frequently meet with startling adventures during their solitary excursions. It is well known that numbers of these men have perished while ranging its wilderness, and no clue to their fate has reached the civilized world. It is to illustrate the dangers of the trapper's life that the picture, called *The Death Struggle*, has been painted. In the picture are represented two principal figures, a white man or French engaged, and an Indian of the Teton tribe, both on horseback. It appears that a dispute had arisen between the two respecting a Beaver, which had been caught in a steeltrap, and to which both have laid claim. In the deadly struggle which ensued for its possession, and in which the *bowie knife* has been freely used by both, on man and horse, they have unwittingly approached a frightful precipice, down which both the men and the horses are about being dashed to pieces. The white man, suddenly become aware of his impending fate, with a look of horror, grasps with his right hand, still clutching the knife, the rotten bough of a tree on the brink—Futile effort!—firmly embraced by his dying enemy, the Indian, and entangled with Beaver, trap, and horses, *his doom is sealed!*

The picture is well drawn, effectively coloured, and in good keeping; and the whole subject is treated throughout with much individuality. It assuredly is one of the happiest efforts of the Artist.

Of the subject of the other picture, "Winona," the story runs thus:—There was in the village of Keoxa, in the tribe of Wapasha, a young Indian female, whose name was Winona, which signifies "the first born." She had conceived an attachment to a young hunter who reciprocated it; they had frequently met, and agreed to an union in which all their hopes were centered; but on applying to her family the hunter was surprised to find himself denied; and his claims superseded by those of a warrior of distinction, who had sued for her. The efforts of her parents and relations to unite her with the man she disliked proved unavailing; remonstrance having failed, threats were resorted to, and the day was fixed for her nuptials with the warrior. "Well," said Winona, "you will drive me to despair; I said I loved him not, I could not live with him; I wished to remain a maiden, but you would not. You say you love me; that you are my father, my brothers, my relations, yet you have driven from me the only man with whom I wished to be united; you have compelled him to withdraw from the village alone, he now ranges through the forest, with no one to assist him, none to spread his blanket, none to build his lodge, none to wait on him; yet was he the man of my choice. Is this your love? But even it appears that this is not enough; you would have me do more; you would have me rejoice in his absence; you wish me to unite with another man, with one whom I do not love, with whom I never can be happy." The Indian camp was on the margin of Lake Pepin, from which arise precipices to a sheer height of 150 to 450 feet. While all were engaged in busy preparations for the festival, she wound her way slowly to the top of the hill; when she had reached the summit, she called out with a loud voice to her friends below; she upbraided them for their cruelty to herself and her lover. "You," she said, "were not satisfied with opposing my union with the man I had chosen, you endeavoured by deceitful words to make me faithless to him, but when you found me resolved upon remaining single, you dared to threaten me; you knew me not if you thought that I could be terrified into obedience; you shall soon see how well I can defeat your designs." The light winds which blew at the time, wafted the words towards the spot where her friends were; they immediately rushed, some towards the summit of the hill to stop her, others to the foot of the precipice, while all, with tears in their eyes, entreated her to desist from her fatal purpose. But she was resolved; she threw herself from the precipice, and fell, a lifeless corpse, near her distressed friends. The spot is still called the Maiden's Rock. Cases parallel to Winona's are not wanting in the civilized world.

Winona is represented in the picture as in the act of throwing herself from the rock. It is a picture, that to our fancy will not compare with the "Death Struggle." The figure has, perhaps, in expression, too much of the *maniac*.

The features, too, while they may be of the tribe of Wapasha, are not so interesting as those of a more beautiful female (for such might have been supposed Winona) would have been—there is a fullness in the breasts almost too great for “a maiden”; while the feet are not those of the young Indian beauties which we have usually seen represented; nevertheless, there is a very great deal to admire in the picture—the same bold effect, and good colour, which generally pervades the works of Mr. Deas.

We understand that the Death Struggle has met with a purchaser in the person of Geo. W. Austen Esq.—a gentleman of superior taste, and possessing a small but very select collection of pictures by the first American Artists.

. The Free Emigrant Church in New York was opened on Sunday last in the “Minerva Hall,” Broadway. The congregation was a full one, and the service was performed by the Rev. Moses Marcus in a highly impressive manner. We are happy to announce that they will now be regularly continued on each successive Sabbath, at the same place until notice to the contrary be given, and that the Services will be Morning and Evening at the usual hours.

. Among the musical professors who visit the American shores as the commencement of new fields of action, we are happy to perceive that Mr. Templeton will soon be among us. He is expected to arrive in the Great Western. We have not the pleasure to know this gentleman personally, but, from the reputation which he has for several years enjoyed as a tenor singer, and from the manner in which his Lectures and Concerts are spoken of in the English Journals, we have every right to presume that he takes a high rank in the musical world.

¶ A masterly article, containing a summary of the late Greek Revolution, has been put into our hands, and is now in type, but we have been obliged to postpone it till next week in consequence of the arrival of the Caledonia. It is written by Mr. Bracebridge, an English gentleman, of talent and observation, and who had peculiar advantages within his grasp to enable him to complete his subject in a superior manner. Our readers may anticipate an interesting historical paper next week, on this matter.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—When artists, like Mr. and Mrs. Kean, make their appearance we may well conclude that the Dramatic season is fairly commenced, and that it really is so at The Park Theatre, let the half suffocated throngs, who have been nightly crowded together there during the current week, bear witness. The season then, *par excellence*, commenced on Monday evening last, Mr. and Mrs. Kean making their debut in Moore's tragedy of “The Gamester.” We cannot say we like the play, albeit it is full of pathetic and moving interest, tells an important tale, and has an obvious and touching lesson in its incidents and catastrophe. But it wants loftiness of poetical idea; it is in fact a *prose* tragedy of domestic life and the auditory “sup full of” woes. With this abatement there is much left to praise, more especially in the acting of Mrs. Kean as Mrs. Beverley. We do not believe that there is an *artiste* living who can more beautifully or more naturally delineate the female heart and its emotions than this lady. We quite lose sight of the actress for the time, and become engrossed with the character there represented; we weep with her, we laugh with her, we sympathise with her in the feelings and passions she shews forth, and we have but one regret in our intellectual entertainment—that, namely which comes over us when her fascinations for the present cease. Mr. Kean, we opine, is the very opposite of this. He has much taste and judgment as a reader, he understands the spirit of the character he has to support, but he cannot throw into it that verisimilitude which makes us forget the actor in the personated creation of the poet. We are compelled to see Mr. Kean, and not Mr. Beverley, Benedick, the Stranger, or Hamlet. Heaven knows, however, it is much easier to point out the fault than to prescribe the remedy. Perhaps it may be the consequence of judgment more powerful than enthusiasm in him; there are occasionally splendid points, and fine hits in his acting, but in the absence of a general keeping they are rather flashes than a continued brightness.

On Tuesday night they appeared in “Much ado about nothing,” in which Mrs. Kean played Beatrice. Think of that, ye friends of the drama! Mrs. Kean's Beatrice—Miss Ellen Tree's Beatrice, the veritable Beatrice of Shakspeare, the real impersonation of a witty shrew! Mr. Kean played Benedick, but it is utterly out of his line; he is too fine an artist to spoil it entirely, but the sprightly Benedick was shorn of his beams. On that evening also, a debutant appeared in the afterpiece of “Luke the Laborer.” Mr. Andrews, who then made his first bow, is completely master of the Northern English *Patois* and succeeded very satisfactorily.

On Wednesday night Mr. and Mrs. Kean appeared in “The Stranger” a play on which we have ceased to comment, and on Thursday in “The Wonder,” in which Mrs. Kean's Violante is a most exquisite piece of acting. In short this lady possesses all the freshness and spirit which we used to admire in Ellen Tree, together with the raciness and refinement which the last few years and her own delicate perceptions have added to her acting.

We must not forget to notice that Mrs. Bland (formerly Miss Helen Faucit) appeared, for the first time in America, last Saturday evening as Pauline in “The Lady of Lyons.” It was hardly fair to allot Saturday night for the debut of one who has in London earned “golden opinions from all sorts of people.” The house was of course thin, but those who were present did full justice to the lady's talents, for they cheered her many minutes after the falling of the curtain. Nor ought we to pass unmarked the performance of Mr. Dyott as Claude Melnotte on that same evening. This actor we do believe needs but fair opportunity for testing his qualities, to shew himself an artist of great merit.

BOWERY THEATRE.—They are doing the *legitimate* at this house, Mr. J. R.

Scott sustaining the principal characters. But they may do what they please here for some time to come; for, what with the elegance of the new edifice, what with the remarkable celerity with which The Bowery rose from its ashes, what with the enthusiasm of the patrons of the house, nothing can be wrong just now; and the building is nightly crowded to the very extent of its accommodations.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—FRENCH OPERA.—This favourite summer resort has been lately visited by numerous musical amateurs in order to see the excellent French Company. “Les Huguenots” was highly successful on Monday; but we must confess we have had occasion to pity Prévost who had in his orchestra several members altogether unable to follow his directions. This was the cause of some blunders, particularly in the 2d and 3d acts. Happily the 4th act, and the best of the score, too, went off satisfactorily; the chorus was good, and Calvé and Arnaud were admirable in their grand duo. There is in that scene a *gamme chromatique descendante* which Calvé sings most artistically. But this was an evening of misfortunes: Valentine when she sees her lover going to a most certain death faints, and Calvé in falling down, seriously hurt her head against a sofa. This circumstance passed almost unseen by the greater portion of the audience; but as she was loudly called, she had to come after the curtain fell, holding her aching head with one hand and led by Arnaud with the other. On Wednesday Meyerbeer's opera was repeated, and this time everything went off beautifully. There were some new musicians in the orchestra, and singing, and accompaniments, and stage business were excellent. The performance was loudly cheered all through. On the vaudeville night two pretty little farces were produced; “Mlle Dangeville” in which Mlle. Stephen is so amusing, and “Le Royaume des Femmes” a good *bêtise* quite favourable to the beautiful actresses of the French Company. Between the two plays an interesting *Intermède musical* took place and the orchestra did wonders.

Last night Mlle. Calvé reappeared in “La fille du Regiment,” an opera which she has made so popular in this country. It is unnecessary to say it was a bumper.

Next week, will be produced for the 1st time here “La Reine de Chypre” by the author of “La Juive.” This opera is splendid and will doubtless be successful.

The “Off Nights” as we presume we must call them, are no Off-nights to us, for the performances of light comedy are in their way quite as attractive as those of the French opera.

Literary Notices.

RUDIMENTAL LESSONS IN MUSIC.—By James F. Warner.—New York: Appletons.—This is a highly useful manual to all students of Music, and it is put forth by one who has had much experience in the science, as well as possessing sound judgment in the art of teaching music. Mr. Warner is the able translator of Weber's “Theory of Musical Composition,” an acknowledged standard work, and the present is a worthy introduction thereto. It contains, as the author justly expresses in his title page “the primary instruction requisite for all beginners in the art, whether vocal or instrumental.” The principles as far as we can judge are correctly scientific, and if there be a fault in the book it is that it is somewhat wanting in simplicity of language,—it is rather too much laden with the technicalities of music.

ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.—Part I.—By Douglas Jerrold.—New York: Burgess, Stringer, & Co.—This is a moral tale, and its moral is an obvious one most graphically presented; showing how frequently are all the circumstances and the final issue of human life and conduct dependent upon those which attend it at the outset. St. Giles is a poor foundling subjected to the tender mercies of a London workhouse and thrown upon a guilty world for his support even in his veriest childhood: whilst St. James is a scion of aristocracy, nursed in the lap of ease, and possessed of “all appliances and means to boot” to make him an accomplished gentleman, a good man, a supporter of his country's constitution and honour.

GLEANINGS FROM A GATHERED HARVEST.—By M. M. Noah.—New York: C. Wells.—The Major has here produced an entertaining and useful brochure, consisting of short papers written by him at different periods, and published in the Journals which he has conducted. Their subjects are mainly on practical domestic economy, and their soundness will readily be admitted by all who read them attentively.

GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF BUENS.—By Professor Wilson.—New York: Wiley and Putnam.—The greatest poet of nature that modern times have produced, has found the fittest critic and commentator in the redoubtable Christopher North; an examiner and judge in one whose own ardent and poetical temperament, chastened and refined by profound scholarship and ripe judgment have abundantly qualified him for the task, and whose sincere admiration of the poet is not carried to blind enthusiasm, although it be warm and abiding in its nature. The professor is like a skilful jeweller, he places the brilliances in their best setting, and covers casual defects so that they offend as little as possible, but he does not attempt to impose as perfection that which in its very nature must possess flaws. It is a grateful task to read this work in the spirit in which we fancy he wrote it; and the heart becomes at once more refined and charitable through the influence it exerts on the candid reader.

THE WHITE SLAVE, OR THE RUSSIAN PEASANT GIRL.—New York.—Harper and Brothers: We do not consider this ably written story as intended to be a practical defence of Slavery, but rather to show that even in Europe much has yet to be done before the principle of Universal Freedom can be said to be established there. The condition of the Serf population is only a stepping stone between Freedom and Slavery, and the condition of the former if placed beside that of the latter, will not prove very flattering to the extensive empire of the most civilised grand division of the Old World.

MARTIN'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE, Part VIII.—This portion of the superb edition of the Scriptures, of which we have already spoken in deservedly high terms, contains a beautifully executed plate of “The Arrival of Rebecca.” The text and its notes by the Rev. Dr. Alex. Fletcher, must commend it to general use, and we doubt not that it will be largely patronized.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED AND ILLUSTRATED BIBLE, No 36.—The spirited publishers are proceeding steadily, but perhaps too slowly, with their fine edition of the Holy Scriptures. They flag not in the least, either in the beauty of their typography or the number of their embellishments.

Cricketer's Chronicle.

RETURN MATCH AT CRICKET.

ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB OF NEW YORK vs. ALL CANADA.

We have received many intimations both personally and by letter that the details of the play on Friday 29th ult., would be acceptable, so as to complete the narrative of the finest game of Cricket ever played on this continent. We give them therefore as follows, and not unwillingly, because we have a typographical error of our own to correct, and because we have seen a sad jumble of inaccuracies given in print by persons who evidently know nothing whatever of this noble exercise.

On Friday morning at 11:20 the St. George's Club commenced their second Innings, Messrs. Turner and Bates first assuming the bat. The parties were aware that they had an important and difficult day's work before them, as there was a balance of 34 runs to make up, in which they had been short on the day before. Turner was an acknowledged prudent batsman, who never risked the safety of his wicket, and who only lashed out upon a safe hit; and Bates was looked upon as a safe blocker, who could guard his wicket and fatigue the bowlers. The former, however, had been much indisposed during the whole week, and was somewhat nervous at the bat. He maintained his position about 10 minutes, and made a pretty *two*, but at the third over he was caught beautifully by Wilgress at the short slip. 1 wicket, 3 runs. Wheatcroft was his successor. At the end of the 1st over Burnaby relieved Winckworth in bowling. This gentleman is a round bowler, very high in his delivery, swift in his pace, and straight in his direction. In his second over, he prettily took the bails of Bates who had been playing in most admirable style (most of Burnaby's execution in bowling is by beautiful batters). 2 wickets, 18 runs. Bates was succeeded by Syme. Wheatcroft maintained his position an hour and five minutes, against the tremendous bowling of Sharpe, Winckworth, and Burnaby; he received 63 balls in that time, in the course of which he effected cautiously, 6 single runs, but at length Winckworth found his stumps. 3 wickets, 26 runs. Wright now took the bat. Syme at first seemed a little unsettled at his wicket, but presently he became "himself again" upon making a splendid 3 hit, which he followed soon after by another, but he was finally disposed of at the short slip by the ever-active Wilgress. 4 wickets, 32 runs. Wild now came "to the scratch;" he is a hard hitter, and determined striker. Some apprehensions were entertained in consequence of a most severe blow from the second ball bowled at him by Winckworth; he recovered however, and did good execution with his bat, making a fine 2 hit, and four ones. He at length succumbed to Sharpe. 5 wickets, 42 runs, and John Ticknor came to the bat. Wright and J. Ticknor continued together over half an hour, Wright most carefully running up his score till it reached 11, but one of Burnaby's bailers settled his business at last. 6 wickets, 63 runs. Robert Ticknor now became his brother's *confre*, but they did not long continue together, for John, after making his score up to 10, in which were a splendid 4, and two fine twos, was stumped by Sharpe whilst endeavouring to make a run, to which Robert did not respond; Shipway fielded finely in this instance. 7 wickets, 67 runs. Dudson now came forward. R. Ticknor quickly followed his brother, for Wilgress was at his heels, and sealed his destiny by a catch at short slip, as he had already done to two others. 8 wickets, no addition. Tinson succeeded to the bat, and he and Dudson kept together nearly half an hour, in which time he alone took 27 balls, but they were so dead upon the wicket that he had chiefly to block them. A few leg balls indeed he got, but they were so swift that it required the agility of a Hornby or a Wilgress to get round at them. At length Sharpe upset his house. 9 wickets, 83 runs. Groom came last to the bat. Dudson had been playing a splendid game and did most of the striking when Tinson was with him; he made a capital 3 hit, and five twos, but after making 17 runs he was caught at the cover point by Burnaby. 10 wickets, 93 runs, of which five were made by Groom, who made a beautiful 3, and two ones, and finally brought out his bat. The St. George's Club were now 59 runs ahead of the Canadians.

At 3-14 play was called for the 2d Inning of the Canadians, and Winckworth and Birch, commenced the batting on that side. The career of the latter however was soon over, for, at the second over he was caught by R. Ticknor at the long field. 1 wicket, 2 runs. Sharpe was his successor. Winckworth's position also at the bat was but a brief one, for at the 3d over, Groom found his wicket. 2 wickets, 4 runs. Hornby took his place. The quick disposal of these two acknowledged fine batsmen, was thought to change the position of the St. George's game materially, and from being odds against them the tide was believed by many to be turning. Sharpe and Hornby however maintained their ground together nearly half an hour, in the course of which time the latter made a rattling three, and ran his score up to 10, but Groom, whose bowling on that day was beyond all praise, shook his house to its foundation. 3 wickets, 33 runs. Burnaby succeeded him at the bat, but Groom sent him back at the first ball. 4 wickets, no addition. Wilgress now came to the bat,—a cricketer of admirable play. He saw the game now required care and prudence, and he threw these qualities into his play, to such a degree that we have no hesitation in saying that he it was who retrieved a losing game. Sharpe maintained his bat 1½ hour, forty minutes of which were in company with Wilgress, and it says something for the bowling of the St. George's men in this inning that in the course of that hour and a quarter Sharpe received 62 balls from which he made only 9 runs, one of which was a 2, and the rest single runs. Sharpe was finally caught by R. Ticknor at the long field. 5 wickets, 36 runs. Capt. Pocklington succeeded him, who was in 40 minutes, received 24 balls, and was put down by Groom after making one hit for which he made a two runs. 6 wickets, 44 runs.

Dr. Liddell now took the bat, which he handled admirably and the Canadian game appeared now in the ascendant, when it once more received a check by his being caught at the short slip in fine style by John Ticknor. 7 wickets, 57 runs. Shipway was the next who came to the bat; a good player but somewhat too eager, and now the fate of Wilgress was sealed; he had maintained his bat an hour and 54 minutes, and had received 88 balls from which he had carefully scored 13, but Groom finally gave him his quietus. 8 wickets, 58 runs, and Conolly took his place. The game now was become critical, for the beauty of the play both of Shipway and Conolly was chiefly in their fielding, and Heavyside, the only batsman still to come in on the Canadian side was of no account in any one's estimation. The batsmen now in, however, got one each, which won the game, and All Canada won, with two wickets to go down. By a typographical error last week we were made to say that there were three wickets to go down, but the mistake was an obvious one. There was 260 balls given in this inning.

It is laughable, though sometimes vexatious, to perceive the gross errors which are frequently mixed up in accounts of Cricket matches given by persons who actually know nothing of the subject. In one instance we have read of the fine bowling of Groom against Bates, these players being of the same party; in another, of the fine wicket keeping of Phillpotts, who for aught we know was at Toronto at the time—he certainly was not in the match, nor do we think he was either on the ground or in the city. Then the jumbling together the beginnings and the ends of the game, playing, as it were, from Dan to Beersheba, and making "confusion worse confounded." Such nonsense is calculated to injure rather than to promote the noble game of cricket.

SINGLE WICKET MATCH BETWEEN FOUR PLAYERS OF THE

ST. GEORGE'S CLUB, RESIDENT IN PHILADELPHIA, AND FOUR OF THE SAME CLUB RESIDENT IN NEW YORK.

This was a Match casually made up amongst a few amateurs of the game of Cricket; it was played on Monday, the 1st inst., on the St. George's Ground, and terminated signally in favour of the former, as the following score will show:—

NEW YORK.		PHILADELPHIA.	
FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Wright, leg before wicket.....	0	b. Dudson.....	2
Wheatcroft, b. Dudson.....	2	b. Dudson.....	0
Bates, b. Dudson.....	1	b. Dudson.....	0
Groom, b. Dudson.....	2	b. Dudson, c. Dudson.....	1
Wide Balls.....	6	Wide Balls.....	5
Total.....	11	Total.....	8
Turner, b. Groom.....		3	
Dudson, b. Groom.....		3	
R. Ticknor, run out.....		0	
J. Ticknor, b. Wright.....		9	
Wide Balls.....		12	
Total.....		27	

The New York members went in first; Wright received 42 balls, including 4 wide balls, without a run, in 20 minutes, and was put out "Leg before wicket." Wheatcroft received 36 balls, from which he made two single runs, and had a wide ball, all in 18 minutes. Bates received 9 balls in 5 minutes, from which he made one run, and Groom received 24 balls in 11 minutes, from which he made two runs and a wide ball; the whole being concluded in an hour.

Turner, of the Philadelphia party, now went in. He received 72 balls from Groom in 39 minutes, from which he made 3 runs, and 2 wide balls. Dudson received 25 balls in 17 minutes, and made 3 runs; Robt. Ticknor received 33 balls in 22 minutes, and was run out; and John Ticknor received 126 balls in 73 minutes, from which he made 9 runs and received 10 wide balls. In this play Groom bowled 230 balls, and Wright 26.

The Second Innings of the New York members shewed them to be much the weaker in physique. The result was that the Philadelphians in one inning, obtained 8 runs more than the New Yorkers in both Innings.

Were it not that the noble game of Cricket is comparatively but little known in the United States, we should abstain from all farther comment on the games which have just been played. But there are to be found blockheads who, knowing nothing of the matter but the results, and who cannot even describe the details, much less remark upon the casualties which attach to them, will yet pretend to sit in judgment on the players. Cricket, it is true, is essentially a game of skill, yet it depends upon a great number of incidental circumstances many of which are unforeseen, and thus a good player or even a good party of players may have very indifferent success, whilst others generally esteemed as inferior may have a temporary success. The chief of these accidents may be considered under the following heads:—the temporary state of the physique, the capability of standing continual fatigue, an alteration of the position of the wickets on a usually well-known ground, a change of ground, a change in the atmosphere, a new bowler, a hurt, a casual irregularity of the ground between the wickets, discovered after play is begun, and just interfering with the bowler's style of delivery; the difference between single wicket and double wicket, both as to batting and bowling—and even as to fielding out. These and many other circumstances which might be added, frequently change the fortune of a cricketer, and making him come out with a small score where he reasonably expected a larger one—and *vice versa*.

We say not this either to extenuate the loss of the New Yorkers, or to diminish the honour due to the Philadelphians in this Single Wicket Match. "Palmam qui meruit ferat," but to shew that ignorant pretenders should not be believed in as oracles in such cases, and to inform the reading public of the true state of such a question. As proof of our position, we shall state that the

Marylebone Cricket Club played the West of England in June 1844, giving the latter the advantage of such players as A. Myon, Esq., Pilch, Wenman, and Martingall, yet beat them with two wickets to go down, although these four above named are the most distinguished players in England. "True," the unduly informed may say, "but the Marylebone Cricket Club is the best in England." Suppose we grant this, what will be said to the remark (the record is lying before us), that this same "best Club in England" played seven Return Matches in the Summer of 1844, and lost them all but one; in one case by 81 runs, in a second by 86 runs, in a third by four wickets, in a fourth by the country party winning, and 3 runs over, in one inning, in a fifth by five wickets, and in a sixth by ten wickets.

We trust we have said and shewn enough to satisfy the non-cricketer that casual ill luck, or even that of a season, does not authorise the conclusion of inferiority against a beaten party. John Ticknor, for instance, was beaten at single wicket by Groom and by Wright, over whom he now triumphs. Turner made on one occasion upwards of 120 runs off his own bat, and afterwards we perceive him put out for a mere 2, but these do not alter the real merits of those excellent cricketers, who suffered or who triumphed partly through skill and partly through circumstances.

WAR OFFICE, AUGUST 8.—10th Light Drags: Lt the Hon F C G Fitz-Clarence, fm the 7th Ft to be Lt by pur v Ferrier, who re.—17th Light Drags: W C Lord, Gent to be Vet Surg v Wilkinson, app to the 2nd Life Grds.—Coldstream Regt of Ft Grds: Ens and Lt C H Ellice to be Lt and Capt by pur v Hulse, who ret; H Jolliffe, Gent, to be Ens and Lt by pur v Ellice.—3rd Regt of Ft: Capt A A T Cunynghame to be Mjr. by pur v Christie, who ret; Lt C Sawyer to be Capt by pur v Cunynghame; Ens J Swetenham to be Lt by pur v Sawyer; H J King, Gent to be Ens by pur v Swetenham.—7th: Lt H G Hale, fm hf p of the 41st Ft to be Lt v Coote, app to 22nd Ft: Ens D S Miller, fm 69th Ft to be Lt by pur v Hale, who ret; Ens C E Watson, fm the 71st Ft to be Lt by pur v Fitz-Clarence, app to the 10th Light Drags.—16th: Capt F Lucas, fm hf-p Unatt to be Capt v A C Chichester, who exch.—19th: Capt J D Simpson to be Mjr by pur v Hodgson, prom; Lt H E M'Gee to be Capt by pur v Simpson; Ens J Margitson to be Lt by pur v M'Gee; W Harris, Gent, to be Ens by pur v Margitson.—23rd: Lt A J Jones to be Capt by pur v Rice, who ret; 2nd Lt H H Dare to be 1st Lt by pur v Jones; G M Marsh, Gent to be 2nd Lt by pur v Dare.—46th: Ens C R Shervinton to be Lt, without pur v. Seys, dec; R Thompson Gent to be Ens without pur v Shervinton.—49th: Capt M Siedman fm the 2nd W I Regt to be Capt v Bartley who exch.—66th: Ens T Benson to be Lt by pur v Melliss who ret; W R Pyne Gent to be Ens by pur v Benson.—69th: Ens C J Carmichael to be Lt by pur v Croxton who ret; R W Hussey Gent to be Ens by pur v Carmichael; T Harvey Gent to be Ens by pur v Miller prom in the 7th Ft.—70th Lt E B Braddell to be Capt by pur v Kelsall who ret; Ens H N Greenwell to be Lt by pur v Braddell; J Atkinson Gent to be Ens by pur v Greenwell.—71st: W F Segrave Gent to be Ens by pur v Watson prom in the 7th Ft.—77th—H Kent Gent to be Ens by pur vice Maguire who rets. 82nd—Capt J Jeffries fm hf-p Unatt to be Capt v L Tallon, who exch, receiving the difference; Lt H Bates to be Capt by pur v Jeffries who rets; Ens H A Robinson to be Lt by pur v Bates; A W D Burton, Gent to be Ens by pur v Robinson. 83rd—Ens W S Willis to be Lt by pur v Heat who ret; W H Mo'ony, Gent to be Ens by pur v Willis. 84th—Lt W H Douglas fm hf-p 5th Ft to be Lt v W Monck, app to 7th Ft; Ens C C Rolleston to be Lt by pur v Douglas who rets; E Currie Gent to be Ens by pur v Rolleston. 85th—The Hon R P B Fielding to be Ens by pur v Mainwaring, who ret. 89th—Ens J M' Cuppage to be Lt, by pur v Pennefather, who ret; G P Atkinson, Gent, to be Ens, by pur v Cuppage.—92nd: Capt S Prendergast, fm hf-pay of the 84th Ft, to be Capt, v D Stewart, who exch; Lt J J C Drake to be Capt, by pur v Prendergast, who ret; Ens F Macbean to be Lt, by pur v Drake; G W Hamilton, Viscount Kirkwall, to be Ens, by pur v Macbean.—93rd: Lt G N Bredin, fm the 1st West India Regt, to be Lt, v Hanson, who ret.—1st West India Regt: Ens W Sankey to be Lt, by pur v Bredin, app to the 98th Ft; J B Fottrell, Gent, to be Ens, by pur v Sankey.—2nd West India Regt: Capt G F Bartley, from 49th Ft, to be Capt, v Stedman, who exch. 3rd West India Regt—Lt V Murray, from 94th Ft, to be Capt, by pur v Glen, who ret. Ceylon Rifle Regt—Lt T F Cowdroy, from half-pay 21st Light Drags, to be Lt, v Meaden, prom; 2nd Lt J A Fraser to be 1st Lt, by pur v Cowdroy, who ret. Brevet.—Capt S Prendergast, of the 92nd Ft, to be Major in the Army; Capt J Jeffries, of the 82nd Ft, to be Major in the Army. Unattached.—Major S J Hodgson, from the 19th Ft, to be Lt-Col, by pur.

MARTIN'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE,

PART VIII,
Published this Day, Sept. 1,
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

CONTAINING a magnificent Engraving of the "Arrival of Rebecca." The Notes by the Rev. A. Fletcher, D.D., are practical and devotional, and possess the rare quality of containing much in few words; the publication as a work of Art has no equal, and the fast increasing sale is a proof that its merits are appreciated. Those who have not already subscribed are reminded that a work embellished with Steel Engravings, the value consists in obtaining proof impressions, therefore early subscribers will have a decided advantage.
Sept 6-2t*

R. MARTIN & Co., 26 John Street.

FOR THE CURE OF BALDNESS, &c.

BY LETTERS PATENT OF THE U. S.

CILIREHUGH'S TRICOPHEROUS cures Baldness, prevents Grey hair entirely, and eradicates Scurf and Dandruff. This article differs from all the other advertised nostrums of the day. Its manufacture is based upon a thorough physiological knowledge of the growth of the hair and its connection with the skin, as well as a knowledge of the various diseases which affect both. The Tricopherous is not intended to anoint the hair with, its application is only to the skin, and to act through the skin on the nerves, blood vessels, &c., connected with the root or bulb of the hair. Thus by keeping up the action on the skin, encouraging a healthy circulation which must not be allowed to subside, the balded head may be again covered with a new growth, and the greyest hair changed to its original colour. It is admirably adapted as a wash for the head, having the same effect upon Scurf and Dandruff that hot water has upon sugar, clearing every faraceous appearance from the skin, which is frequently the primary cause of baldness and grey hair. In most cases one bottle will stop the hair from falling off. Principal office 305 Broadway, (up stairs,) adjoining St. Paul's, and sold by all respectable Druggists and Perfumers in the principal cities of the U.S., Canada, Cuba, Brazil, &c. Sept. 6-3m.

MUSIC.

A Rare Opportunity of Acquiring a Thorough Musical Education.

G. H. DERWORT, Professor of Singing, Guitar and Piano Forte, has opened a class for Young Ladies from 7 to 10 years of age, among whom are three of his own daughters, whom he proposes to thoroughly instruct in the art of Singing.

Mr. Derwort's system is the result of many years observation and experience, during which he has successfully taught in Germany, London, and New York. His method cannot fail to impart to his pupils a clear perception, and a thorough knowledge of the grammatical principles of Music, with the ability to harmonize any simple given melody.

Parents and Guardians are invited to call at his Rooms, 427 Broadway, when every inquiry will be answered.

Terms \$20 per annum, payable quarterly in advance. Lessons three times a week.

Private instruction as heretofore.

Aug 30-4t.

NEW ORGAN.

MR. GEORGE JARDINE, of this city, having lately erected an Organ in the Prot. Reformed Dutch Church in Franklin St., the subscribers cannot refrain from expressing in the present form, their unqualified approbation of the Instrument, with which they have been furnished from his manufactory.

They also feel it to be due to that gentleman, to bear their decided testimony in favour of his character and conduct, as developed in their recent business transactions with him.

A person so liberal in his terms, and true to his engagements, so honourable in his dealings and courteous in his manners, can not fail (in their opinion) to commend himself to the confidence of the Religious community, as an Organ Builder; and to secure for himself a large share of public patronage in the line of his profession.

New York, July 14, 1845.

Signed by Jas. B. Hardenberg, Pastor of the Church. Ben. Wood, John Barringer, D. T. Blauvelt, Theo. Brett, Matthew Duff, Henry Esler, Leon'd. Bleecker, Stephen Williamson, Harman Blanwett, members of the consistory. C. N. B. Ostrander, Levi Appar, Peter Vannest, Orga. Committee.

Aug. 23—6m.

CHURCH.—PARLOUR AND CHURCH BARREL ORGANS.

THE subscriber continues to manufacture Organs in the most superior manner, and upon liberal terms.

Also, those most useful Instruments—Church Barrel Organs—of which he was the first to introduce into this country—and for country Churches where Organists cannot be procured, they are invaluable.—

He has been awarded the first Premiums, Viz. Gold and Silver Medals, for the best Organs, for the last six successive years, at the great Fair of the American Institute, of this city.

GEORGE JARDINE, Organ Builder,

83 Anthony St. New York.

Aug. 23.—6m.

WHEN THE BODY IS SUBJECT TO MANY CHANGES, IT REQUIRES MEDICINE.—Sudden changes from very hot, to chilly weather, are unfavourable to health; and it is a fact universally admitted, that heat and moisture are powerful agents in producing disease, and that constant dry and constant wet weather are both favorable to its generation; it does not signify what we call it: it may be ague; it may be bilious fever; it may be yellow fever; it may be dysentery; it may be rheumatism; it may be bronchitis; it may be cholera; it may be constipation of the bowels; it may be inflammation of the bowels; it may be inflammation of the stomach; it may be a nervous affection; but still it is disease, and a disease curable by the Brandreth Pills, because they remove all impurities from the body, all that can in any manner feed the progress of the malady; no matter how called; thus these pills are not only the most proper medicine, but generally the only medicine that need or ought to be used.

Remember, Druggists are not permitted to sell my Pills—if you purchase of them you will obtain a counterfeit.

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Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 241 Broadway; also at 274 Bowery, and 341 Hudson-street, New York, and Mrs. Booth's, 5 Market Street Brooklyn.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL ORATORIO.

THE BEAUTIFUL and effective oratorio of THE SEVEN SLEEPERS will be performed early in September next, at the Tabernacle, under the direction of Mr GEORGE LODER.

The choruses will be sustained by OVER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE performers, selected with particular reference to their MUSICAL QUALIFICATIONS. The Solo parts, (10 in number,) will be WELL sustained by RESIDENT TALENT.

A powerful orchestra will be engaged for the occasion, and the public may confidently rely upon hearing a GOOD ORATORIO WELL PERFORMED.

Mr. H. C. TIMM will preside at the organ.

N. B.—Persons leaving their names at the stores of Firth & Hall; Firth, H. H. & Pond, 239 Broadway; Atwill's; Saxton & Miles; Riley, Scharenburgh, & Luis; G. P. Nesbitt, cor. Wall and Water; or with H. Meigs, 446 Broadway, previous to first of September, will receive THREE TICKETS FOR ONE DOLLAR, payable on delivery of the tickets.

Aug. 16—4t.

DISBROW'S RIDING SCHOOL, 408 BOWERY.

NEAR ASTOR AND LA FAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK.

MR. DISBROW has the honour to announce that his School is open Day and Evening, for Equestrian Tuition and exercise Riding.

TERMS:

LECTURE LESSONS.		EXERCISE RIDING.	
16 Lessons.....	\$15 00	1 Month.....	\$12 00
10 do.....	10 00	20 Rides.....	10 00
4 do.....	5 00	10 do.....	6 00
Single Lessons.....	2 00	Single Rides.....	75
Road do.....	2 50		

N. B.—Highly trained and quiet Horses, for the Road or Parade, to let.

RULES.

- 1.—All Lessons or Rides paid for on commencing.
- 2.—One hour allowed on each Lesson or Ride in School.
- 3.—One hour and a half to a Lesson on the Road.
- 4.—Hours for Ladies, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
- 5.—Hours for Gentlemen, from 6 to 8 A. M. and 3 to 7 P. M.
- 6.—No Gentlemen admitted during the hours appropriated to Ladies.
- 7.—A card of address is requested previous to commencing.
- 8.—Gentlemen keeping their horses in this establishment, will have the privilege of riding them in the school gratis.

Aug 16—3m.

SUPERIOR PRIVATE APARTMENTS, WITH OR WITHOUT BOARD.—A limited number of Gentlemen, or married couples, but without young children, may be accommodated with spacious apartments in one of the most eligible locations of the city; and with any proportion of board that may best suit their requirements. The most unexceptionable references will be given and required. Apply at No. 137 Hudson Street in St. John's Park.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—A good opportunity presents itself at this moment for placing a youth, from 15 to 16 years of age, as an outdoor Artistic pupil, to a profession connected with the Fine Arts. It will be absolutely necessary that he should have a natural taste for drawing. For particulars apply at this office. Aug 30-tf.

EDUCATION.

REV. R. T. HUDDART'S CLASSICAL AND COMMERCIAL BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Fourteenth Street, between University Place and Fifth Avenue.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT, which has lately been removed from Houston Street, is now prepared for the reception of an increased number of BOARDERS. No expense has been spared to render it a complete, well arranged school for Boys. It has been built expressly for the purpose intended, under the direction of one of the first architects in the city, and Mr. Huddart has great satisfaction in presenting to his scholars and the Public, an Institution, in which every requisite for the accommodation, convenience and comfort of his pupils is combined, and such as the experience of many years has suggested. The situation is, perhaps, the most eligible which could have been selected for the purpose as regards health and facility of access. All the advantages of the best instructors and Professors are available, whilst the benefits of a country residence are gained by the out-door athletic exercises which can be enjoyed in the spacious playground.

Further information as to course of study, and other particulars interesting to parents, may be obtained on application to Mr. Huddart, at his residence in Fourteenth Street.

N.B.—The regular academical year will commence on the 1st of September, after the summer vacation. The number of pupils being limited in the Day School, vacancies will be filled as they occur.

For **BOARDERS** and **DAY BOARDERS**, who are entirely distinct and separate, applications will be received at any time.

TERMS—For Boarders \$300 per annum, (without accomplishments).—Day Boarders \$50 per quarter.—Day Scholars \$30 per quarter. Aug. 23.

JOHN HERDMAN'S OLD ESTABLISHED EMIGRANT PASSAGE OFFICE, 61 South Street, New York.—The Subscriber, in calling the attention of his friends and the public to his unequalled arrangements for bringing out persons from Great Britain and Ireland, who may be sent for by their friends, begs to state that, in consequence of the great increase in this branch of his business, and in order to preclude all unnecessary delay of the emigrant, has, at great expense, in addition to his regular agents at Liverpool, appointed Mr. Thomas H. Dicky, who has been a faithful clerk in the establishment for the last 8 years, to proceed to Liverpool and remain there during the emigration season, to superintend the embarkation of passengers engaged here. The ships employed in this line are well known to be only of the first class and very fast-sailing, commanded by kind and experienced men, and as they sail from Liverpool every five days, reliance may be placed that passengers will receive every attention and be promptly despatched. With such superior arrangements, the Subscriber looks forward for a continuation of that patronage which has been so liberally extended to him for so many years past, and should any of those sent for decline coming, the passage money will as usual be refunded, and passages from the different ports of Ireland and Scotland can also be secured if desired. For further particulars, apply to **HERDMAN**, 61 South-st., near Wall-st., N.Y.

Agency in Liverpool:—

Messrs. J. & W. Robinson, No. 5 Baltic Buildings, and

Mr. Thomas H. Dicky, No. 1 Neptune-st., Waterloo Dock.

Drafts and Exchange from £1 upwards, can be furnished, payable without charge, at all the principal Banking Institutions throughout Great Britain and Ireland, a list of which can be seen at the office. My24-tf.

LIFE INSURANCE. CAPITAL \$2,500,000.

THE insured entitled to participation of profits on both European and American policies.

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The following are among the advantages held out by this institution, which are of great importance to the assured, and such as are seldom offered by Life Insurance Companies, viz:—

The peculiar advantage secured to the assured by the principles of the Loan Department, thus blending the utility of a Savings Bank with Life Insurance!

A large sum to be permanently invested in the United States in the names of three of the local Directors, (as Trustees)—available always to the assured as a Guaranteed Fund.

The payment of premiums, annually, half-yearly, quarterly, or monthly.

No charge for standing duty.

Thirty days allowed after each payment of premium becomes due, without forfeiture of policy.

Travelling leave extensive and liberal; and extra premiums on the most moderate scale.

Conditions in the policy less onerous to the assured than usual in cases of Life Insurance. (See pamphlet.)

The actual and declared profits (published in successive Reports) affording sure data for calculations of the value of the "bonus" in this institution. These profits will at each division be paid in cash if desired.

Being unconnected with Marine or Fire Insurance.

The rates "for life with profits" are lower than those of any other foreign COMPANY EFFECTING LIFE INSURANCE IN NEW YORK.

The public are respectfully requested to examine the distinguishing principles of this institution—their tables of rates—their distribution of profits—and the facilities afforded by their Loan Department—before deciding to insure elsewhere.

A Medical Examiner is in attendance at the office daily, at 12 o'clock noon, and 3 o'clock, P.M. Fee paid by the Society.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

GENTLEMEN or Families going to Europe or elsewhere, who would disencumber themselves of their superfluous effects such as **WEARING APPAREL**, either Ladies or Gentlemen's, **JEWELRY, FIRE ARMS, &c. &c.**, by sending for the Subscriber, will obtain a liberal and fair price for the same. **H. LEVETT**, Office No. 2 Wall-street, N.Y.

Families and gentlemen attended at their residence by appointment.

IF All orders left at the Subscriber's Office, or sent through the Post Office, will be punctually attended to. My24-ly.

CONROY'S FISHING TACKLE AND GENERAL SPORTING STORE—No. 52 Fulton-street, corner of Cliff, N.Y.—where every article in the line can be purchased for Cash, on the most reasonable terms. Each article of John Conroy's make warranted.

Broken Rods, Reels and Tackle, repaired and put in complete order. Amateurs or wholesale purchasers at a distance can rely on every article being such as stated at uniform prices. Aug2-tf.

AN EFFECTUAL CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.

This remedy known as **SANDS'S CLOVE ANODYNE TOOTHACHE DROPS**, is universally conceded to be the best preparation for preventing aching teeth known. While it does not injure the tooth, and dispenses with the aid of a Dentist, it kills the pain and removes all soreness from the gums. These drops should be in possession of every family, for their use and comfort in removing one of the most disagreeable pains to which we are liable.

The following testimony from one of our most distinguished practical Dentists will be considered sufficient evidence of its merits:—

New York, Dec. 19, 1844.

Messrs. A. B. Sands & Co.—Gentlemen—In the course of my practice I have extensively used with much success, your **CLOVE ANODYNE**, for the relief of the Toothache; and as I constantly recommend it to my patients, I deem it just to impart my satisfaction to you.—I am yours, very respectfully.

M. LEVETT, Dentist.

Prepared and sold by **A. B. SANDS & Co.**, Chemists and Druggists, 273 Broadway, cor. of Chambers-street. (Granite Buildings). Sold at 79 Fulton-street, and 77 East 14th-st., and by all respectable Druggists in town and country. Be particular and ask for **SANDS'S CLOVE ANODYNE**.—Price 25 cents. Ag2-3m.

WELLINGTON HOTEL, TORONTO.

CORNER OF WELLINGTON (LATE MARKET) AND CHURCH STREETS.

THE Subscribers beg to announce that the above Hotel, situated in the centre of business, and adjacent to the Steamboat Landings and Stage Office, has been newly furnished with the utmost regard to the comfort of Families and Travellers. The business will be conducted by Mr. INGLIS, who, for seven years, Superintended the North American Hotel, while occupied by Mr. Wm. Campbell.

The Table will be plentifully supplied with the Substantials and Luxuries of the season, and the Cellar is stocked with a selection of the choicest Wines and Liquors. From their experience, and a strict attention to the comfort and convenience of their guests, they respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

Excellent and Extensive Stabling attached to the Hotel.

My21-tf.

BELL & INGLIS.

THE FOLLOWING WORKS BY THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, CONSTANTLY FOR SALE BY EDMUND BALDWIN, No. 155 Broadway, New York.

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Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco. [Ju7-1e.

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H. H. GUNTER having taken the above house, begs leave respectfully to inform his numerous friends in the City and Country that the Establishment has under his charge undergone a thorough renovation, and it now affords one of the most elegant and eligible places of refreshment in the City, for visitors or those whose business or professional pursuits require them to be in the lower part of the city during the hours of Meals.

H. H. G. would also assure those who may be disposed to favor him with their patronage, that while the viands shall in all cases be the best the markets can afford, the charges will at all times be confined within the limits of the most rigid economy. Open on Sundays. Ju 14-6m.

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PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURER,

No. 88, 90 and 92 Walker Street, near Elm.

A large stock of the finest Instruments always on hand.

TERMS MODERATE.

[Ju7-6m.

ROMAN EYE-BALSAM.

GIVE US MORE LIGHT!—The greatest and most exquisitely afflict-ing calamity that can possibly befall a person of refined taste, and who has a capacity for enjoying all the glorious sights in this beautiful world, is a disease of the eyes. The world itself would offer little satisfaction to the poor unfortunate suddenly deprived of sight; and even love and friendship lose one half of their sweetness when the object of endearment or affection can no longer be cradled by those delicate fingers of light which the soul puts out through the eyes to embrace whatever she holds dear. The blind! the dark! the dimly-seeing! how keen he commiserates their unhappy lot! Is it not, then, something to be happy about that there has been discovered a Balsam that will cure—absolutely and effectually—cure—weak, sore, and inflamed eyes, which, unless treated in time, always increase, and generally lead to total blindness? Be warned in time, and go seek the remedy, while you can yet see your way.

The Roman Eye Balsam is a prescription of one of the most celebrated oculists—has been a long time in use, and is confidently recommended to the public as the best and most successful salve ever used for inflammatory diseases of the Eye. In cases where the eyelids are very inflamed, or the ball of the eye thickly covered with blood, it acts almost like magic, and removes all appearances of disease after two or three applications. In dimness of sight, caused by fixed attention to minute objects, or by long exposure to a strong light, and in the weakness or partial loss of sight from sickness or old age, it is a sure restorer, and should be used by all who find their eyesight failing without any apparent disease. This Balsam has restored sight in many instances where inflammation and soreness, caused by blows, contusions or wounds on the eye, or by extraneous bodies of an irritable nature introduced under the eyelids, is very soon removed by the application of the Balsam. One trial will convince the most incredulous of its astonishing efficacy. Put up in jars with full directions for use. Prepared and sold by **A. B. SANDS & Co.**, Wholesale and Retail Chemists and Druggists, 273 Broadway, cor. Chambers-st., Granite Building, and 79 Fulton-st.; 77 East Broadway. Sold also by Druggists generally, in town and country. Ag2-3m.



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PLINY, the celebrated Naturalist, speaking of Bears, informs us that their OIL was used by Cleopatra as the most nutritive substance which could be applied to her magnificent hair. Science has given the Moderns no compound for this purpose equal to the provisions afforded by Nature in the grease of the Bear. Its effects, especially in the form of Oil, are truly wonderful. The capillary roots are strengthened; the bulbs are nourished; and the young hair increases in quantity. Even bald spots become fertile under its influence, if the roots have not been totally annihilated; and this is rarely the case, except at an advanced age. In fact, the **GENUINE BEARS' OIL** is unquestionably the best preparation for the Hair that the world has yet seen.

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THESE spacious premises have at length been opened in most excellent style: no description can adequately convey a notion of its numerous excellencies. The Italian Opera Troupe are there, the Elster Brothers, the unsurpassed Cline, all the Orchestral talent of the City, and on Sundays, there will be a selection of Sacred Music for the Million, at 12½ cents Admission—the seriously disposed may view the great works of the Creator from the promenades outside the walls, while the more cheerful may lift up their hearts in Sacred Song. Operas on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

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REGULAR MAIL LINE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BOSTON, VIA STONINGTON AND PROVIDENCE, AND VIA NEWPORT, composed of the following very superior and well known Steamers, running in connection with the Stonington and Providence Railroads and the Boston and Providence Railroads:—

MASSACHUSETTS, of 600 tons, Capt. Comstock.
MOHEGAN, 400 tons, Capt. Thayer.
NARRAGANSETT, 600 tons, Capt. Manchester.
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Under the new arrangement, which will offer increased comfort and advantage to travellers and shippers of freight, the line will be established daily on and after the 10th April, leaving New York, Boston and Providence every afternoon, (Sundays excepted.)
Will leave New York at 5 o'clock P.M. from Battery Place.
Will leave Boston at 4½ P.M.
Will leave Providence at 6 P.M.
Will leave Newport at 8 P.M.
Will leave Stonington at 9 P.M.
Via Stonington, the MASSACHUSETTS, Capt. Comstock, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 P.M.
Via Stonington and Newport, the NARRAGANSETT, Capt. Manchester, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 5 P.M.
Passengers on arrival of the Steamers at Stonington, will be immediately forwarded in the Railroad Cars to Providence and Boston.
For passage or freight, apply on board at north side of pier 1, 22 Broadway, or office of Saml. Deveau, freight agent, on the wharf.
Tickets for the route, and steamer's berths, can be secured on board, or at the office of Harnden & Co., 6 Wall Street. My17-6m.

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No. 132 William Street, 3 doors West of Fulton.

G. B. CLARKE returns thanks for the extensive patronage bestowed on his establishment during the last twelve months, and at the same time would inform the readers of "The Anglo American," that his charges for the first quality of Garments is much below that of other Fashionable Houses located in heavier rented thoroughfares. The style of work will be similar to that of Bundage, Tryon & Co., with whose establishment G. B. C. was for a long period connected.

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Fine Cloth Dress Coats from	\$16.00 to \$20.00
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PRICES FOR MAKING AND TRIMMING.	
Dress Coats	\$7.00 to \$9.00
Pants and Vests	1.50 to 2.00

John Clarke, formerly of 29 New Bond Street, London.

A Specimen Coat always to be seen.

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ALBION LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

LONDON AND NEW YORK.

Established in 1805—Empowered by Act of Parliament.

CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING, or \$5,000,000.

JOSEPH FOWLER and R. S. BUCHANAN, No. 27 Wall Street, opposite to the Bank of Commerce, as General Agents, are duly empowered to receive, and confirm at once, all eligible risks for Insurance on Single Lives, Joint Lives, and Survivorship Annuities, on the same favourable terms as at the London Office.

ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THIS COMPANY:—
Perfect Security—arising from a large paid up capital, totally independent of the premium fund.

Participation at once in all the profits of the Company.
Low Premiums for short term of Life.

Life Policy holders' premium reduced every three years.
Bonus of eighty per cent—or 4-5ths of the Profits returned to the Policy holders every three years at compound interest.

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A fair compensation allowed on the surrender of Life Policies to the Company.

Example of Rates for the Insurance of \$100.

Age next birth	For ONE Year.	For SEVEN Years.	For whole Life without profits.	For whole Life with profits.
25	92	1 03	1 92	2 17
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From the above it will be seen that the Albion offers all the advantages of a Mutual Co., with the important addition of a large paid up Capital; and by paying the profits in cash, the policy holders derive advantages during their own lives, by a reduction every three years, until the premium ceases, when they still continue to participate in all the profits of the Co.

The public is respectfully requested to call at the Agency and examine the superior advantages afforded by the Albion Office—in its safe and economical rates of premium to which may be attributed the extraordinary success which has hitherto attended the operations of the oldest and most respectable Companies in England.

Insurance at all ages from 10 to 74 years, from \$500 to \$15,000 on a single life.

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SOUTH STREET, CORNER MAIDEN LANE.

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PERSONS about sending for their friends in any part of the Old Country are respectfully informed by the Subscribers, that the same system that characterized their house, and gave such unbounded satisfaction the past year, will be continued through the season of 1845.

The great increase in this branch of their business, and to give satisfaction to all parties, necessitates one of the firm to remain in Liverpool to give his personal attention to the same, therefore the departure of every passenger from that place will be superintended by Mr. WM. TAPSCOTT, and the utmost confidence may be felt that those sent for will have quick despatch and proper care taken by him to see them placed on board ship in as comfortable a manner as possible. Better proof that such will be the case cannot be adduced than the punctual and satisfactory manner in which the business was transacted through the past emigrating season. The ships for which the Subscribers are Agents comprise the

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE ST. GEORGE'S LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS AND THE UNITED LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Making a ship from Liverpool every five days—the possibility of delay is therefore precluded. The well established character of these Lines renders further comment unnecessary; suffice it therefore to say, that the Subscribers guarantee to give satisfaction to all parties who may send for their friends through them. In all cases where those sent for decline coming out, the full amount of money paid for their passage will be refunded. A free passage to Liverpool from any port in Ireland or Scotland can be secured. Apply or address (post paid),

W & J. T. TAPSCOTT,

South Street cor. Maiden Lane.

Agency in Liverpool—

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Corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, New York.

AT this Gallery Miniatures are taken which, for beauty of colour, tone, and effect, can at all times recommend themselves; and which are at least equal to any that have been heretofore executed. M. B. BRADY respectfully invites the attention of the citizens of New York, and of strangers visiting the City, to the very fine specimens of DAGUERRETYPE LIKENESSES on exhibition at his Establishment; believing that they will meet the approbation of the intelligent Public. Mr. Brady has recently made considerable improvement in his mode of taking Miniatures, particularly with regard to their durability and colouring, which he thinks cannot be surpassed, and which in all cases are warranted to give satisfaction. The colouring department is in the hands of a competent and practical person, and in which Mr. B. begs to claim superiority.

THE American Institute awarded a First Premium, at the late Fair, to Mr. M. B. BRADY for the most effective Miniatures exhibited.

*. Instructions carefully given in the Art.—Plates, Cases, Apparatus, &c., supplied. M. B. BRADY. [Ap19.]

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.

" " Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.

" " " Harlem River.

View of the Jet at

Fountain in the Park, New York.

" " in Union Park.

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barre Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by

June 8. HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

CHEAP AND QUICK TRAVELLING TO THE WESTERN STATES,

CANADA, &c., FOR 1845.

FROM TAPSCOTT'S EMIGRATION OFFICE,

South Street, corner Maiden Lane

To BUFFALO in 36 hours.

CLEVELAND in 60 hours.

DETROIT in 4 days.

MILWAUKIE, RACINE, SOUTHPORT, and CHICAGO in 6 days.

TORONTO, HAMILTON, QUEENSTON, &c., CANADA, in 2½ to 3 days.

THE Subscriber having made arrangements with various first class lines of boats on the Erie, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Wabash Canals, Buffalo and Central Railroads, &c., Steamboats on the North River, Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan, and the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, Steamboats and Railroads to Philadelphia, and Baltimore, &c., are enabled to forward Emigrants and others to any part of the Western States and Canada, in the very shortest time, and at the lowest possible rates.

Persons going West are invited to call at the office and examine the "Emigrant's Travelling Guide," showing the time, distance, rates of passage, extra baggage, &c., to almost any part of the Union. Parties in the country wishing one of the above Guides, will have the same forwarded, or any information will be cheerfully communicated by addressing, post paid,

W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT South-st.,

corner Maiden Lane.

DAGUERRETYPES

PLUMBE DAGUERRIAN GALLERY & PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPOT, 251 Broadway corner of Murray-street, (over Tenney's Jewelry Store), awarded the Medal four Premiums, and two "highest honors," at the Exhibitions at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia respectively, for the best Pictures and Apparatus ever exhibited.

Price of these superb Photographs reduced to that of ordinary ones at other places, so that no one need now sit for an ordinary likeness on the score of economy.—Taken in any weather.

Plumbe's Premium and German Cameras, Instructions, Plates, Cases, &c. &c., forwarded to any desired point, at lower rates than by any other manufacturer.

WANTED—Two or three skilful operators. Apply as above. Mr29.

DRAFTS ON GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

PERSONS wishing to remit money to their friends in any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, can be supplied with drafts payable at sight without discount, for any amount from £1 upwards, at the following places, viz:—

IN ENGLAND—The National and Provincial Bank of England; Messrs. J. BARNED & Co., Exchange and Discount Bank, Liverpool; Messrs. Jas. Bult, Son & Co., London—and branches throughout England and Wales.

IN IRELAND—The National Bank of Ireland, and Provincial Bank and branches throughout Ireland.

IN SCOTLAND—The Eastern Bank of Scotland, National Bank of Scotland, Greenock Banking Company, and branches throughout Scotland.

My10-1f. W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South-st., cor. Maiden Lane.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

BEAD the following testimonials in favor of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, which have been selected from hundreds of similar ones on account of their recent dates:—
Extract of a Letter from Mr. Sinclair Tousey, Postmaster of Joslin's Corners, Madison County, N. Y.

November 4th, 1844.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—I am requested to state to you, that Mr. W. Sturdevant, of Amsterdam, expresses his great satisfaction at the efficacy of Parr's Life Pills. Also, Mr. J. Fairchild, of Cazenovia in which opinion Mr. A. Bellamy, of Chittenango, also fully accords. Indeed, these Pills have superseded all others in New York state—they are not a brisk Pill, but "slow and sure," and I have never yet met with an instance where an invalid has persevered in taking them, that has not been cured of the most obstinate and long-standing dyspeptic diseases.

(Signed)

S. TOUSEY.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gents—Having used Parr's Life Pills on several occasions when attacked by violent bilious complaints, and having been fully satisfied of their efficacy, I beg leave in justice to you, as proprietors of the medicine, to testify much. Yours respectfully,

Long Island, Nov. 9, 1844.

New York, Nov. 2, 1844.

Sir—As I have received so much benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I feel it duty I owe to this community, to make the facts in my case public. I was afflicted for 15 years with dyspepsia and erysipelas. I tried remedy after remedy, but none appeared to afford me any relief. At last I was induced by a friend to try a box of Parr's Life Pills, which I did, and before I had taken two boxes I found great relief. I have since taken three boxes more, and now thank God, I find myself perfectly cured of the erysipelas, and greatly relieved of the dyspepsia. Judging from my own case, I sincerely believe Parr's Life Pills is the best medicine for the above complaints, and likewise as a family medicine, yet offered to the public.—I remain,

Yours respectfully,

ELIZABETH BARNES, No. 19 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.

From our Agent in Philadelphia.

ASTONISHING CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

Messrs. T. Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—Having received the greatest benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I can give you my testimony in their favour without the least hesitation. For the last five years I have been afflicted with the Liver Complaint, and the pains in my side were great, attended with considerable cough, a stopping and mothering in the throat; for three weeks before I used the Pills I was completely reduced, and had become so weak as to be almost unable to walk; and I could not sleep more than two hours of a night, so completely was my system under the influence of my complaint. I have spent over two hundred dollars for medical attendance, and all the different kinds of medicines celebrated for the cure of the Liver Complaint, without having received any permanent relief, and I can say now that since I have been using Parr's Life Pills, I have been in better health than I have experienced for the last five years. I am also stronger, I sleep as good as ever I did, and can walk any distance. Any person who doubts these statements as incorrect, by inquiring of me shall receive more particular information.

JOSEPH BARBOUR.

Sold by the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., 9 Crane Court, London, and 117 Fulton Street, New York and by all respectable Druggists in the United States. [Mr.18-1f.]

STEAM BETWEEN NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

THE Great Western Steamship Co.'s steam ship GREAT WESTERN, Captain Matthews; and their new iron Steamship GREAT BRITAIN, Capt. Hosken, are appointed to sail during the year 1845, as follows:—

FROM LIVERPOOL.			FROM NEW-YORK.		
Great Western	Saturday	17th May	Great Western	Thursday	12th June
Great Western	do	5th July	Great Western	do	31st July
Great Britain	do	24 Aug.	Great Britain	Saturday	30th Aug.
Great Western	do	23d Aug.	Great Western	Thursday	18th Sept.
Great Britain	do	27th Sep.	Great Britain	Saturday	25th Oct.
Great Western	do	11th Oct.	Great Western	Thursday	10th Nov.
Great Britain	do	23d Nov.	Great Britain	Saturday	20th Dec.

Passage money per Great Western, from New-York to Liverpool, \$100, and \$5 Steward's fee.
For freight or passage, apply to
New-York, Jan. 27, 1845.

RICHARD IRVIN, 98 Front-street.
My10-1f.

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO sail from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

FROM NEW YORK.			FROM LIVERPOOL.		
ROSCIOUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge,	26th March.		SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb,	11th Feb.	
SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb,	26th April.		SHERIDAN, Capt. Depeyster,	11th March.	
GARRICK, Capt. F. A. Dapeyster,	26 May		GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask,	11th April	
GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask,	26th June		ROSCIOUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge,	11th May.	

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the city of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
E. K. COLLINS & Co., 56 South-st., N.Y., or to
BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all advertisements not in their names of their Liverpool Packets, viz:—the Roscius, Siddons, Sheridan and Garrick. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My24-1f.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

FROM NEW YORK.			FROM LIVERPOOL.		
STEPHEN WHITNEY, W. C. Thompson,	May 11		STEPHEN WHITNEY, 1000 tons,	Feb. 26.	
UNITED STATES, A. Britton,	June 11		UNITED STATES, 700 tons,	March 26.	
VIRGINIAN, Chas. Heintz,	July 11		VIRGINIAN, 700 tons,	April 26.	
WATERLOO, W. H. Allen,	Aug. 11		WATERLOO, 900 tons,	May 26.	

The qualities and accommodations of the above ships, and the reputation of their commanders, are well known. Every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of passengers and the interests of importers. The price of cabin passage to Liverpool is fixed at \$100. The owner will not be responsible for any letter, parcel, or package, sent by the above ships, for which a bill of lading is not signed. For freight or passage, apply to
ROBERT KERMIT, 74 South-street. My24-1f.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from New York on the 6th, and from Liverpool on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing fall on Sunday the ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton,	H. Hattleston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6,	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Dolano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6,	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6,	April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay,	Ezra Nye,	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6,	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted. They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to
CHAPMAN, BROWN & Co., Liverpool.
My31-1f.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

TO SAIL ON THE 1ST, 10TH AND 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from New York and Portsmouth on the 1st, 10th and 20th, and from London on the 7th, 17th and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James	F. R. Meyers	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20
Northumberland	R. H. Griswold	10, 10, 10	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1
Gladstone	R. L. Bunting	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Mediator	J. M. Chadwick	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1	20, 20, 20
Switzerland	E. Knight	10, 10, 10	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1
Quebec	F. B. Hebard	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Victoria	E. E. Morgan	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1	20, 20, 20
Wellington	D. Chadwick	10, 10, 10	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1
Hendrick Hudson	G. Moore	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Prince Albert	W. S. Sebor	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1	20, 20, 20
Toronto	E. G. Tinker	10, 10, 10	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1
Westminster	Hovey	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without wines and liquors. Neither the captains nor the owners of these packets will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. Apply to
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to
JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.
My24-1f.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

These ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outward, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y.,

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N. Y., has ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N. B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with pleasure. Ap. 20 1f.

HENRY'S CHINESE SHAVING CREAM;

OR, ORIENTAL COMPOUND.

THE principal ingredients of this delightful Oriental Compound, being of Eastern origin, the preparation differs entirely from any other heretofore offered for the same purpose. Its component parts are held in the highest estimation where best known, but the composition itself is entirely new, and only requires a trial of its qualities, to satisfy all of its real worth. It has cost the Proprietors years of labor, and much expense, to bring the article to its present state of perfection, and is now submitted for public favour on its own merits, with the confident belief that it is the best as well as the most economical Shaving Compound now in use.

A perusal of the following testimonials is respectfully requested:—

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.—Nothing is more intelligibly indicative of the amazing progress of Science in this age, than the innumerable additions which are constantly made to the sum of our minor comforts and luxuries. In our dwellings—in our cooking—in our clothing—in all our enjoyments and conveniences, we are daily receiving new accessions to our comfort. Even in the business of shaving, Science has been ministering largely to our enjoyments. That process, instead of being an affliction, is now positively a comfort—that is, if you use Sands & Co.'s admirable "Shaving Soap." Just try it.—N. Y. Herald.

SOMETHING FOR THE BEARD.—Not to make it grow, Reader—that is not exactly desirable; but a splendid article of Shaving Cream, unsurpassed, and, we believe, unsurpassable. Messrs. A. B. Sands & Co., 273 Broadway, are famous for the superiority of every thing they sell in the Drug and Perfumery line; but they never did "bearded man" a greater favor than in furnishing him with "Henry's Chinese Shaving Cream." It is beautiful in appearance, beautiful in use, and a most decided luxury.—New York American Republican.

Several of our contemporaries have exhausted the power of language in praise of a new compound of the saponaceous kind, sold by A. B. Sands & Co., 273 Broadway, called "Henry's Chinese Shaving Cream." It is, indeed, a capital article, and deserves all that is said of it.—N. Y. Morning News.

THE CHINESE SHAVING CREAM, prepared by Sands, is one of the most pains-saving articles ever invented for the use of the bearded half of humanity. It is so convenient and pleasant that, once tried, it will always after be deemed an indispensably requisite to the toilet of a gentleman.—N. Y. Sun.

SOMETHING NEW FOR SHAVING.—A beautiful compound, in the shape of "Henry's Chinese Shaving Cream," has recently been tried by us in undergoing the "beard reaping" process; and we truly say that this preparation, introduced by Messrs. Sands & Co., 273 Broadway, is the pleasantest emollient to the skin we ever made use of. It makes the face soft and pleasant, and neither smart nor roughness follows the trace of the razor. It is decidedly the best thing we ever used, and for travellers, and those who do their own "barbering," is invaluable.—N. Y. Express.

SOFT SOAP.—The best razor in the world is of little use, provided the shaver has to work for hours mixing up lather from hard soap. No man can go through the operation of shaving, without he is aided by one or other of the shaving compounds for sale by the Perfumers. Of all those which we have tried, we give "Henry's Chinese Shaving Cream," prepared by A. B. Sands & Co., the preference. It raises a thick, delicate and creamy lather, which facilitates the mowing operation famously. We would not have any objection to receive a half-dozen pots of it, which would last us about a half-dozen years.—N. Y. Aurora.

Prepared and sold by A. B. SANDS & Co., Chemists and Druggists, 273 Broadway, cor. Chambers-st., N. Y.—Price, 50 cents per jar. Sold also at 75 Fulton-st., and 77 East Broadway, and by Druggists generally in town and country. Ag2-3m.

DR. POWELL AND DR. DIOSKY,

Oculists and Ophthalmic Surgeons, 261 Broadway, cor. Warren-st.,

CONFINE their practice to Diseases of the Eye, Operations upon that Organ and its Appendages, and all Imperfections of Vision. Testimonials from the most eminent medical men of Europe and America. Reference to patients that have been perfectly cured of Amaurosis, Cataract, Ophthalmia, Nebula, or Specs on the Eye, Strabismus or Squinting, &c.

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.

SPECTACLES.—Advice given as to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. The poor treated gratuitously from 4 to 6 P. M.

Persons at a distance can receive advice and medicine by accurately describing their case. Jy 12-1f.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA, FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

The operation of this preparation is three-fold. It acts as a tonic, strengthening the digestive power and restoring the appetite, as an aperient, peculiarly suited and gentle in its laxative effect, and as an anti-septic, purifying the fluids of the body, and neutralizing in the blood the active principle of disease. The many well authenticated cures of Scrofula of the most malignant character, wrought by Sands's Sarsaparilla, have given it a well deserved celebrity. But it is not alone in Scrofula nor in the class of diseases to which it belongs, that this preparation has been found beneficial. It is a specific in many diseases of the skin, and may be administered with favourable results in all; it also exercises a controlling influence in bilious complaints; and when the system has been debilitated either by the use of powerful mineral medicines or other causes, it will be found an excellent restorative.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands.—Having used your Sarsaparilla in my family, and witnessed its beneficial effects on one of my children, I feel it to be a duty I owe the community to make the case public. About two years ago my little son was attacked with Scrofula or King's Evil, which broke in eight or nine places round the neck and jaw, and which finally affected his eyes, rendering him entirely blind. During the first year from the time he was taken, he was attended by several physicians, but continued to get worse until I despaired of his ever getting well. Having seen your Sarsaparilla advertised with certificates of its cures, I concluded I would give it a trial, and accordingly sent to Cincinnati and procured a few bottles, and now, after having used all nine bottles, I have the gratification of saying he is well. The sores are all entirely healed, and his sight nearly as good as ever it was; and I have no hesitation in saying that he was entirely cured by the use of your Sarsaparilla.—Yours truly, E. BASSETT.

The following statement is from a gentleman who is one of the first Druggists in the city of Providence, and from his extensive knowledge of medicines of every kind, and his experience of the effects of Sands's Sarsaparilla, his opinion, is one of peculiar value to the afflicted.—

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.—I speak experimentally when I say that this medicine is far more effectual in the cure of chronic or acute rheumatism than any other preparation I ever tested. Having endured extreme suffering at times within the last five years from repeated attacks of inflammatory or acute Rheumatism, I have recently used Sands's Sarsaparilla with the happiest success; my health is now better than it has been for many months past, my appetite is good, and my strength is rapidly returning. I attribute this healthful change entirely to the use of this potent medicine. Feeling a deep sympathy with those who are afflicted with this most tormenting and painful complaint, I cannot refrain from earnestly recommending to such the use of this valuable specific. Having the most entire confidence in the medicine and skill of Dr. Sands, I was induced thereby to try the effects of their Sarsaparilla, and I take pleasure in adding my testimony to that of many others commendatory of its invaluable properties, unknown to and unsolicited by the Messrs. Sands. CHARLES DYER, Jr.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggist, 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, 77 East Broadway, N. Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston; S. T. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Birkle, Hamilton, Canada; Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. J119-1f.